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BENJAMIN DISRAELI'S NOVELS.

Disraeli has not yet been awarded the fruits of his work as a man of letters. Here and there, notably by Sir Leslie Stephen, tribute has been paid, but no place has been assigned to him by Mr. John Morley among *English Men of Letters*, nor by Professor Eric Robertson among *Great Writers*. The general mass of readers who, so far as concerns works of real literary merit, are undoubtedly swayed by authority, noticing the general neglect, incline to relegate to a secondary place the books in question. In this case, however, it is not necessary to combat opposition or adverse criticism, so much as to present the claims of the novels to be ranked as literature worthy to be enrolled among the classics of the language.

The neglect of Disraeli's writings may be in part due to the fact that most people think it is below the dignity of a statesman, or of any man following what is called a "serious" profession, to compose works of fiction. Certainly, many do not yet understand that the man who writes novels may be a very wise man; they do not realize that accurately to portray human nature, and to present pictures of life, is not only a most worthy but also a most difficult task, requiring for its performance an intelligence far above the average, acute powers of observation, and a keen sense of humor. Indeed, there are still some—happily, fewer and fewer every year—who sneer at novels and regard them as works of supererogation, all unknowing of the opportunity they throw away to learn something of the nature and habits of their fellow-creatures. For, surely, the great novelist is *the* observer, sounding the depths while others glance at the surface, and examining the mysteries of life, while others are content to overlook even the obvious. Those who dabble in ink often wade deep in human nature; and, apart from all else, every good novel indirectly teaches humanity, humility, and a deeper understanding of the heart.

Be the cause what it may, by the vast majority Disraeli is regarded as a statesman who wrote novels. The al-

ternative view, that he was a man of letters who became a statesman, is accepted only by those who place literature before statecraft, and who realize that while the triumphs of the politician and the diplomatist are fleeting, a great book is, so far as anything on this earth can be, eternal.

Disraeli's first book, *Vivian Grey*, met with instantaneous success. Like Byron, its author went to sleep an unknown lad and awoke to find himself famous. This *roman-à-clef*, in which were introduced all the principal statesmen and well-known society folk of the day, set all the world talking and laughing—except the few who frowned and were silent. The motto was impudent:—

> Why, then the world's mine oyster,
> Which I with sword will open,

and the dedication characteristic:—

"To the best and greatest of men I dedicate these volumes. He for whom it is intended will accept and appreciate the compliment; those for whom it is not intended will—do the same."

The novel has all the faults of youth. It contains apostrophes to Experience, to Music, and to many other objects (the names of which can be written with a capital initial letter), in a style which Lytton was presently to popularize, and caricatures of many contemporaries; such caricatures as are never very difficult to draw, requiring, as the author admitted subsequently, only a small portion of talent and a great want of courtesy. Though there is no sustained plot the story possesses a central idea; to trace the development of the character of a youth of great talents, whose mind has been corrupted by the artificial age in which he lives. Alike when dealing with the intrigues of the Carabas party, or of the mediatized Prince of Little Lilliput, or of Beckendorff, the book is interesting; but the love story is weak. Vivian is an entertaining fellow, with his impudence, and his improvised quotations, and his philosophy, which is a curious mixture of extravagance and sound commonsense. The self-satisfied, conceited Lord Carabas is a well-drawn character, and so is the disappointed politician, Cleveland; and the card-sharper, Königstein (for whom, in spite of all, there is a tinge of pity in the reader's mind); and Essper George; and the subtle statesman Beckendorff; but when the book is laid aside, the only female portrait that lingers in the memory is that of the intriguing Mrs. Felix Lorraine. In spite of its defects, *Vivian Grey* keeps a place by virtue of its brilliance, the smartness of its dialogue, its audacious social satire, and its general freshness and unconventionality.

The next production was *Popanilla*, a satire on the English Constitution. This is a sort of inverted *Gulliver's Travels*. Instead of an Englishman finding an undiscovered island, an inhabitant of the unknown Isle of Fantasie finds on the shore a sea-chest with books. These he studies, and as his newly-acquired knowledge seems likely to revolutionize the island, he is put into a canoe, and drifts until he arrives at Hubbabub, "the largest city, not only that exists, but that ever did exist, and the capital of the island Vraibleusia, the most famous island not only that is known, but that ever was known." The satire is always good-humored, but nothing is safe from attack. The best chapter is that devoted to the Anglican Church. The skits on the Constitution, on government by party (with the motto, "something will turn up"), on political economy, on the commercial system, on self-made millionaires (for the completion of whose education the author asserts that "fashionable" novels are written), and on the colonial system (which

fortifies a rock in the middle of the sea, and crams it with clerks, lawyers, and priests), make amusing reading, as well as providing food for reflection, even in these enlightened days. *Ixion in Heaven* is a social satire, based upon the story of the King of Thessaly, who was carried to Olympus, where he fell in love with the Queen of the Gods. In this George IV. is represented as Jupiter, Byron as Apollo, and many figures prominent at Court and in society are introduced. *The Infernal Marriage* is a political squib, taken from the story of Proserpine, who is carried to Elysium, and there becomes a great lady. The Giants and the Gods are the Tories and the Whigs; Encleladus is the Iron Duke, and Hyperion is Sir Robert Peel. The author is at his best both in style and in manner in these three short sketches; his humor is more unfettered and his fancy is permitted to run riot. Little read as they are, they form a worthy addition to the all too short list of really clever satires in the English language.

Disraeli's second novel was *The Young Duke*. It was written before the accession of William IV., and is a picture of "high life," which in later days the same hand was to paint again in more vivid colors and in a much more striking manner. The dialogue is not so bright as that of *Vivian Grey*, but the story is more concise. A sincere attempt is made to depict a man with all his faults and redeeming virtues. The result is not conspicuously successful, and part of the book might have been written by the "fashionable novelist." But there is a description of a gambling episode when the Duke and his friends play cards for two whole days and nights, that is worthy to rank with almost anything in the later novels.

Disraeli was slowly but surely learning his art, and his next novel, *Contarini Fleming*, is on a higher plane than either of its predecessors. It called forth the praises of no less a literary personage than Goethe; while Milman, who, reading for John Murray, recommended it for publication, declared that it was in no way inferior to *Childe Harold*. The original title of the story was *The Psychological Romance*, and, though it was reluctantly changed by the author in deference to the publisher's opinion, this very clearly denotes the nature of the work, the chief study of which is the development and formation of the Poetic Character. The plot is slight to a degree; but the character-drawing is excellent, and the love scenes are unusually tender and poetic. There is less humor than in the earlier books, but that is probably only because there is but little scope for it. Yet the proposal of marriage made by little Contarini to Christiana at the very moment that he declares his intention "to roam, a pirate on the far waves of the Ægean," is exquisite; and there is nothing more delicious than the scene when the boy, hating the petty domestic restrictions, points out "in mad heroics" to his mother "the exact situation." "The Baroness was terrified out of her life. The fall of the chair was the perfection of fear. She was one of those women who have the highest respect for furniture. She could not conceive a human being, much less a boy, voluntarily kicking down a chair, if his feelings were not very keen indeed. It was becoming too serious. She tried to soothe me, she would not speak to my father. All should be right, all should be forgotten, if only I would not commit suicide, and not kick down the chairs." How far this study of the growth and development of a human soul was founded upon the author's experience, it is dangerous to speculate. There is undoubtedly a tendency to regard it as, in great part, a faithful transcript from life.

"When I examine the state of European society with the unimpassioned spirit which the philosopher can alone command, I perceive that it is in a state of transition—a state of transition from Feudal to Federal principles," so runs one of the concluding paragraphs of *Contarini Fleming.* This is the basis of *The Revolutionary Epick.* The argument of this ambitious work is simple. Magros, the genius of Feudalism, creates the Teutonic race which establishes in the world the system of its founder; then comes Change, which, in its turn, is superseded by Lyriden, the genius of Federation, who endeavors to set up the standard of liberty, equality, and fraternity. This occupies the first two cantos. Three cantos alone were written, and the last deals with the conquest of Italy by Napoleon. Only the curious ever take up this volume nowadays, though there are some really fine passages, well worthy of study. No one should fail to read the Preface. No man living in the nineteenth century, save the author, could have written it. This piece of bombast, though it could only have been composed by a brilliant man, would have been an impertinence in Homer!

Disraeli broke fresh ground with *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy,* the story of an attempt during the twelfth century of a Prince of the Captivity to emancipate his race. The narrative is most dramatic. Indeed, the author stated that if the drama in England had not been a career encompassed with difficulties, he would have made David Alroy the hero of a tragedy. The spirit of the East was strong within Disraeli, and, so far as moderns can judge, the character of Oriental life is unusually well and truly portrayed. No less experienced a critic than Lady Burton expressed astonishment that Disraeli, who had only passed two or three weeks in his youth in the desert, should have been able to take up all that the desert could suggest to those who had spent a lifetime in its desolate wastes. The style of the book, which may best be described as "poetic fiction," enhances the reality of the tale. No one who did not possess the spirit of a poet could have written successfully in such a manner. Indeed, the whole is a prose poem, which reaches its highest and best in the description of the finding by Alroy of the sceptre of Solomon, and its most humorous when the teachers most learned in the Talmud discuss the position of the Tombs of the Kings.

Belonging to quite a different class were the next two productions. *Henrietta Temple* is a love-story pure and simple. No book by Disraeli has caused such diverse opinions. One critic has gone so far as to say the love-scenes remind him of *Romeo and Juliet;* another can see no merit at all in them. Probably these extremes of opinion are equally wrong. The note of exaggeration resounds throughout the book; and the love passages only tend to show, since it is improbable that human nature has changed since the 'thirties, how much more natural are the best writers of fiction of to-day. The principal merit of the book is the sketch of a noble family clinging tenaciously to their heavily mortgaged estates; and the best scene takes place in the sponging house—a scene said to have been founded upon an unpleasant experience of the author, who for years past had been notoriously in debt. *Venetia* is an attempt "to shadow forth, 'though in a glass, darkly,' two of the most renowned and refined spirits that have adorned these our later days," the famous poets, Shelley and Byron. It is usually said that this is the least interesting of Disraeli's novels. Probably this harsh judgment is pronounced because people are too apt to read *romans-à-clef* simply with the object of

tracing the resemblance between the characters and their prototypes. It may be because the portrayal of the heroes is not vastly successful that *Venetia* is looked at askance. But if it is regarded merely as a story, surely a more favorable opinion will ensue. It is far more interesting than *Henrietta Temple.* There is no hackneyed, ultra-sentimental love-story. The plot is clear, the psychology admirable, and the characters cleverly delineated. The contrast between the two mothers is well defined: Lady Annabel, firm, and outwardly cold, separated from her husband, devoting the years to the rearing of her daughter; Mrs. Cadurcis, a widow, loving her son, but subject to most terrible fits of temper, invariably followed by a period of the most abject repentance. And the speculations of Venetia about her father, of whom no word is ever uttered in her hearing, and the feelings of the devoted mother, who is jealous of her child's regret of never having known her other parent, are well imagined and truly presented. It is not too much to hope that one day *Venetia* may rank higher than it does among the author's works.

With the publication of *Coningsby, or, The New Generation,* opens a new and the most important chapter of Disraeli's literary career. Eighteen years earlier, by virtue of its audacity, *Vivian Grey* had attracted attention; now, by force of merit, *Coningsby* compelled it. There have been other authors who might have written the earlier book, even *Contarini Fleming* and *Alroy,* though not *Popanilla;* no one, save himself, could have composed *Coningsby, Sybil, Tancred* and *Lothair.* Through these he stands head and shoulders above the majority of his literary contemporaries.

With *Coningsby* Disraeli reverted to the political novel, which indeed he had invented, or, at least, introduced into England. *Vivian Grey,* however, was written by an inexperienced lad; *Coningsby* by a man who had lived and struggled in the political world and was slowly yet surely realizing in real life his audacious ambition: to distinguish himself above all his contemporaries. The plot of this novel is the merest thread. Indeed, the book is but a vehicle for the expression of the author's political and social views, an endeavor "to picture something of that development of the new, and, as I believe, the better mind of England," and "to scatter some suggestions that may tend to elevate the tone of public life, ascertain the true character of political parties, and induce us for the future more carefully to distinguish between facts and phrases, realities and phantoms." In a word, to present the views of the Young England party, whose object was to make more effective the power of the Crown after the Parliamentary reforms of 1832; to remove the Church, in so far as concerned purely spiritual matters, from Parliamentary dictation; to decentralize authority to local bodies, and to improve the condition of the laboring classes. *Coningsby* is valuable for the picture presented of the political world and social life of the day; for the account of secret ministerial history, tracing the overthrow of the "Venetian Constitution" and the struggles of the reformers; and for the contrast exhibited between the ideas of the new generation and the old. If the hero voices the hopes of the then rising school of politicians, the Marquis of Monmouth is the mouthpiece of that which preceded it. Of all the character-sketches in this book there is not one more admirably conceived than the Marquess, profligate, cynical, heartless, selfish, albeit shrewd and with plenty of common-sense, knowing the price of everything and the value of nothing, yet withal always the grand seigneur.

Upon the broad canvas are many figures. Eustace Lyle, the Catholic gentleman, who endeavors to revive the monastic customs of his ancestors, is one of the most pleasing. "It seems to me a barren thing, this Conservatism," he remarked happily on one occasion, "an unhappy cross-bred, the mule of politics, that engenders nothing." Another well-remembered character is Rigby (identified as the well-hated, much-abused John Wilson Crocker), blustering, dictatorial, disputatious, the writer of slashing articles — "It was thought that no one could lash a woman like Rigby." "Rigby loved to patronize, to play the minister unbending, and seeking relief from the cares of council in the society of artists, authors, and men of science. He liked dukes to dine with him and hear him scatter his audacious criticisms to Sir Thomas or Sir Humphrey. They went away astonished by the powers of their host, who, had he not fortunately devoted these powers to their party, must apparently have rivalled Vandyke, or discovered the Safety Lamp." Taper and Tadpole have become household words—political hacks, doing the dirty work of the party, despised, yet courted by the powerful and the wealthy. £1,200 per annum is their idea of political science and human nature. "To receive £1,200 per annum is government; to try to receive £1,200 per annum is opposition; to wish to receive £1,200 per annum is ambition." Sidonia, the Jewish financier, who, being of foreign extraction, is able to regard English institutions with impartial eyes, though modelled upon a well-known banker, is made the mouthpiece of the author. He believes an individual divine as compared with a vast public opinion. "God made man in His own image; but the public is made by Newspapers, Members of Parliament, Excise Officers, and Poor Law Guardians." "Nurture your mind with great thoughts: to believe in the heroic makes heroes." "Adventures are to the adventurous." To his admiration for youth and his pride of race reference will presently be made.

Disraeli struck a deeper note in *Sybil, or, The Two Nations.* Here is an endeavor clearly to show the contrast between the rich and the poor. The Marneys and the Mowbrays, the young aristocrats, club-life, the Derby, great receptions, country houses, on one side; on the other, the semi-starvation and the utter degradation of the manufacturing and the mining districts. He devoted all his powers of graphic description to showing the wretched state of the peasantry, the cruelty to which the working-classes were exposed at the hands of their employers, the iniquities of the truck-shop system, and the horrors of the baby-farms, where, for threepence a week, the children were dosed with laudanum and treacle, administered in the shape of a popular elixir. While travelling in these regions he noticed that infanticide was practised as extensively and as legally in England as on the banks of the Ganges. It was after this visit that the ardent Imperialist, the arch-Jingo, as many still regard him, devoted himself to the "policy of sewage"; and henceforth, throughout his career, contrived always to find time to preach "sanitas, sanitatum, omnia sanitas." The plot is of the slightest, but the pictures of social life, the gradual deterioration of the aristocracy and the arising discontent of the democracy which began to voice its anger in Chartism are invaluable. Sketches of political and social personages abound; the sadness of the book is relieved by the humorous descriptions. Lord Marney, sharp-witted, blunt-hearted, selfish to the core, shares with Rigby the love of contradiction. "The great difficulty with Lord Marney was to find a sufficient stock of opposition; but he lay

in wait and seized any opportunity with wonderful alacrity. Even Captain Grouse could not escape him; if driven to extremities, he would question his principles of fly-making." Mr. Ormsby, his friend, has "forty thousand a year, paid quarterly," and at a full-dress reception, where peers and diplomatists are in gorgeous uniforms, demurely remarks that the only stars he possesses are four stars in India stock. Then there are old Mr. Cassilis, the dandy, who regards the New England party as a new diversion, which "requires a doosed lot of history and all that sort of thing."—"One must brush up one's Goldsmith," he remarks, naïvely;—Walter Gerard, the Chartist, and his friend, Stephen Morley; Devilsdust—a picture terrible because of its truth; Baptist Hutton, the peer-maker; Aubrey de Lys, the kind-hearted parson, detested by Lord Marney, who preaches the Unknown God among a hundred thousand English heathens; Sir Vavasour Firebrace, who desires to revive, nay, to increase the original dignities of the great Order of Baronets; his wife, who shows her zeal by assuring you she had defended you from many odious imputations; Trenchard, the level-headed politician, whose earlier life is depicted in *Endymion;* and, from *Coningsby*, that grande dame, Lady St. Julians; and Taper and Tadpole, much agitated by the great Bedchamber Plot.

Tancred, or, The New Crusade, was undoubtedly the author's favorite novel. Therein he traces the youth of a high-minded idealist, who desires to effect the regeneration of the West by the restoration of faith. The character of Tancred, the visionary, is very beautifully and sympathetically depicted, and the descriptions of Syria and of life in the desert are written with all the fervor of an Oriental imagination. His irony has free vent when discussing the once famous *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.* "You know, all is development," Lady Constance tells Tancred. "The principle is perpetually going on. First, there was nothing; then there was something; then—I forget the next—I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came—let me see—did we come next? Never mind that; we came at last. And the next change there will be something very superior to us—something with wings. Ah! that's it: we were fishes, and I believe we shall be crows."

Nearly a quarter of a century after the appearance of *Tancred* Disraeli, who was now sixty-five, published *Lothair*, which, apart from all else, possesses a certain interest as being the first novel written by a man who had been Prime Minister of England. The story is original. Most novels treat of love; in this book love is subordinated to the triangular struggle between the revolutionary societies and the Churches of England and of Rome. It is remarkable how Disraeli's opinion of the last institution changed. In *Coningsby* and *Sybil* he regretted the Reformation; Eustace Lyle, who revived the monastic customs of almsgiving, and Trafford, the most enlightened and human of mill-owners were both Roman Catholics. Seven or eight years later, in *The Life of Lord George Bentinck*, he did not honor "Roman Catholic" with initial capital letters; while in *Lothair* he dwelt chiefly upon the unscrupulousness of its professors. Cardinal Grandison is supposed to be founded upon the characters of Cardinals Wiseman and Manning—the latter also appears in *Endymion*, as Nigel Penruddock—while Catesby was drawn from Monsignore Capel. Indeed, in the third volume of the first edition, owing to an oversight, "Capel" was printed instead of "Catesby." The Bishop is Wilberforce, the General Cluseret, and Lothair the Marquis of Bute. Wit and humor are even more noticeable in this

than in any other of Disraeli's novels. The interview between the Cardinal and Lothair when they discuss the unwarranted announcement of the latter's conversion is one of the most delicate pieces of irony in the language. There is no falling off in power of description, but the exaggeration of style is less marked. As usual, there is a wealth of character sketches. The Duke, who every day offered his grateful thanks to Providence that his family is not unworthy of him, and whose one misfortune is that he has no home, but only many castles; St. Aldegonde, the Duke's son and heir, who "held extreme opinions, especially on political affairs, being a republican of the deepest dye," and "was opposed to all privilege, and, indeed, to all orders of men, except dukes, who were a necessity"; who is spoilt and knows it; lives in terror of being bored; is avowedly interested in only two subjects: horses and tobacco; and who, in the presence of a Bishop, exclaims, "How I hate Sundays," and then sends his wife to put it right; the little Portuguese, Pinto, who was not an intellectual Crœsus, but his pockets were full of sixpences; the Agramonts, who "always marry their cousins .... They are so shy"; Hugo Bohum, who thinks every woman should marry, but no man; the artist Phœbus, who declares that printing has destroyed education, and is induced to accompany Lothair to the East because then, at last, a camel would be drawn. It was Phœbus who defined critics as "the men who have failed in literature and art."

In *Vivian Grey* and *Contarini Fleming*, there is much of Disraeli, the man, but neither, since they were written before the author was twenty-eight, can be regarded as autobiographical in the sense of Fielding's *Amelia*, Thackeray's *Pendennis*, Dickens' *David Copperfield*, and George Eliot's *The Mill on the Floss*. These may be regarded, if not in each case as the best, at least as among the best works of each author. Not so *Endymion*, which is frankly autobiographical; it does not rank with any of the books written since Disraeli, now Earl of Beaconsfield, had reached years of maturity. He had now achieved greatness, had satisfied the immense ambition with which he started, and had tasted of the littleness of fame. He was a sick man and weary. It is no wonder that traces of feebleness intrude in this, his last, book. Yet there are many flashes of the old wit and humor; and every now and then the author drops the mask of fiction and reveals himself. "When you have succeeded in life according to your views . . . you will, some day, sigh for real power, and denounce the time when you became a public man, and belonged to any one but yourself." "Great men should think of Opportunity and not of Time." "Time is the excuse of feeble and puzzled spirits. They make Time the sleeping partner of their lives, to accomplish what ought to be achieved by their own will." Besides many old friends, several delightful new acquaintances are met in *Endymion*. Vigo, the tailor: "No man gives me the trouble which Lord Eglantine does; he has not made up his mind whether he will be a great poet or Prime Minister! 'You must choose, my lord,' I tell him. 'I cannot send you out looking like Lord Byron if you mean to be a Canning or a Pitt.'" Treeby, who is scientific as well as fashionable, and can tell the last news of the sun as well as of White's; Waldershare, who says that "sensible men are all of the same religion," and when asked what it is, replies: "Sensible men never tell;" Lord Montford (bearing a strong resemblance to Lord Monmouth), who on his deathbed gives orders that his wife is not to be summoned, and when, his

servants sending for her, she arrives, remarks: "I perceive, then, that I am going to die for I am disobeyed;" turns in his bed to conceal his countenance, and expires without a sigh or a sound —a dose as magnificent as he who complained that once he nearly had to wait.

Perhaps there is no writer of the last century in whom the personal element was so strong. *Le style c'est l'homme.* The personality which carried Disraeli, without influence, without wealth, to the Premiership, which dominated all his colleagues, stands out vividly in every one of his books. It has been said that he was a *poseur.* Undoubtedly he had a love of grandeur that sometimes betrayed him into grandiloquence and an Oriental love of splendor. This is the portion of most sons of Israel. It must never be forgotten—indeed, it is impossible to forget—that he was a scion of that branch of the house of Lara which, on coming to England, assumed the name of Disraeli, a name never borne before or since by any other family, in order that their origin might be for ever recognized. It was his pride to belong to that race which has defied exile, massacre, spoliation, the degrading influence of the constant pursuit of gain —which has defied even time itself. "You and I," he said in his old age, to a Jewish lad, "belong to a race that can do anything but fail." He is the one great Hebrew who has contributed to the glories of the literature of this, his adopted country. With Spinoza and Heine he forms a trio of Jews notable in the history of modern letters. Almost without exception, until his day, Jews had been contemptuously and cruelly presented in imaginative literature. From Shakespeare to Thackeray and Dickens they were portrayed only as money-lenders, bailiffs, and scoundrels. It remained for him to alter this. His treatment of his compatriots was ideal, visionary even. Everywhere he sang their praises. "At this moment, in spite of centuries, of tens of centuries of degradation, the Jewish mind exercises a vast influence in the affairs of Europe. I speak not of their laws, which you still obey; of their literature, with which your mind is saturated; but of the living Hebrew intellect." So says Sidonia, the author's favorite character. It is Sidonia, speaking for his creator, who declares that almost everything that is great has been done by youth. Indeed, Disraeli reverenced youth. All his heroes, from Vivian Grey to Endymion, are young; all are clever young men, trying to shape for themselves a career in the social or political world. "The only tolerable thing in life is action, and action is feeble without youth," he wrote. "What if you do not obtain your immediate object? You always think you will, and the detail of the adventure is full of rapture." The blunders of youth, he sums up, are preferable to the triumph of manhood or the successes of old age.

There are few novelists before whom the author of *Contarini Fleming, Popanilla, Coningsby, Sybil, Tancred,* and *Lothair* need bow the knee. How many authors have created a gallery of characters more magnificent or more extensive? As one thinks of the books there is conjured up in the mind a mighty phalanx: great noblemen, politicians of all ranks, of all degrees of importance and unimportance, and of both sexes; leaders of society, men and women of the world, members of the Anglican and Roman communions, members of secret societies, Chartist delegates, toadies, even a *chef,* and many high-minded, high-spirited youths and girls. He takes his readers into a world unfamiliar to most of them. He portrays the life of the great patrician families, whose genealogy is the history of England—of the Carabas

Armine, St. James, Monmouth, Marney, Bellarmine, Beaumanoir, St. Jerome families. A guide to the town houses and country seats of the English nobility might be compiled from his pages. He describes society in all its phases, society in the time before successful manufacturers, contractors, and miners could take a place in it; when to enter the charmed circle one required a title, a million, or a genius. In years to come students will turn to his books for information as to the political and social world of his day. Indeed, it is for this his books will endure, rather than for the plots, which nearly always are of secondary importance. Yet, in imagination, he is second only to the greatest. He is the only English writer who has poetically, as well as graphically, described the East. Read in *Tancred* the description of Jerusalem! In his books, as in his speeches, he shows himself a great master of phrase. He is never betrayed into false pathos. His humor is never forced. His taste is never at fault. It must be admitted, however, that he was sometimes guilty of exaggeration. Yet, except, perhaps, in his earlier works, it did not go to the length of caricature. Than the account of the rise of the Warren into Fitz-Warene, Earl de Mowbray, and of the origin of the Dukes of Fitz-Aquitaine, descendants of a French actress, clever enough to persuade an easy-tempered monarch of this realm that the paternity of her coming babe was a distinction of which his Majesty might be proud, there is nothing finer or more scathing in *The Book of Snobs*. His pungent wit, brilliant word-painting, and powerful character-drawing are undeniable, even as his pictures of social-political life are unrivalled. A master of satire, he was at his best when reproducing the language of clubs and lobbies, when retailing the conversations of *salons*. If, on occasion, no one could be so flippant, at times no one could be more dignified. When carried away by his feelings, as in *Sybil*, no one could be more impassioned or more forcible; when governed by his ideals, as in *Tancred*, no one could be more picturesque. There are few passages in English literature more beautiful and more stately than that describing the late Queen's first council, with the insertion of which this article may fittingly be brought to a close:—

The council of England is summoned for the first time within her bower. There are assembled the prelates and captains and chief men of her realm; the priests of the religion that consoles, the heroes of the sword that has conquered, the votaries of the craft that has decided the fate of Empires; men gray with thought, and fame, and age; who are the stewards of divine mysteries, who have encountered in battle the hosts of Europe, who have toiled in secret cabinets, who have struggled in the less merciful strife of aspiring senates; men, too, some of them, lords of a thousand vassals and chief proprietors of provinces, yet not one whose heart does not at this moment tremble as he awaits the first presence of the maiden who must now ascend her throne.

A hum of half suppressed conversation which would attempt to conceal the excitement, which some of the greatest have since acknowledged, fills that brilliant assemblage, that sea of plumes and glittering stars and gorgeous dresses. Hush! the portals open; she comes! The silence is as deep as that of a noontide forest. Attended for a moment by her royal mother and the ladies of her court, who bow and then retire, *Victoria* ascends her throne; a girl, alone, and for the first time, amid an assemblage of men.

In a sweet and thrilling voice, and with a composed mien which indicates rather the absorbing sense of august duty than an absence of emotion, *The Queen* announces her accession to the throne of her ancestors, and her humble hope that divine providence will

guard over the fulfilment of her lofty trust.

The prelates and captains and chief men of her realm then advance to the throne, and kneeling before her, pledge their troth, and take the sacred oaths of allegiance and supremacy.

Allegiance to one who rules over the land that the great Macedonian could not conquer, and over a continent of which even Columbus never dreamed: to the Queen of every sea, and of nations in every zone.

The Fortnightly Review.

It is not of these I would speak, but of a nation nearer her foot-stool, and which at this moment looks to her with anxiety, with affection, perhaps with hope. Fair and serene, she has the blood and beauty of the Saxon. Will it be her proud destiny at length to bear relief to suffering millions, and with that soft hand which might inspire troubadours and guerdon knights, break the last links in the chain of Saxon thraldom?

Lewis Melville.

THE RELATION BETWEEN ECCLESIASTICAL AND GENERAL HISTORY.*

How is ecclesiastical history related to general history? This is a question which is either not treated at all in text books on ecclesiastical history or treated very briefly. The omission is easy to understand, for it proceeds from a view taken in earlier times and not yet exploded. The ancient and the mediæval Church regarded the history of the Church as something that differed from the history of the world. The Catholic Churches of our own day still regard it in the same light. They are convinced that the Church is under God's special guidance, possesses an infallible doctrine, is governed by men appointed by the Deity Himself, and has received a promise that it shall remain unchanged until the end of all things. The Church and its affairs are thus sharply separated from the rest of history; and while the rest of history, of course, exercises an effect on the Church, the effect is only on the circumference and does not reach the centre.

This way of looking at the matter found its classical expression in the earliest account which we possess of ecclesiastical history, namely, that given by Eusebius. According to him the history of the Church is only the further operation and fuller development of the fact that in Jesus Christ the divine Logos came down from heaven, and since that time the history of the Church has a place within ordinary history as a history of another kind. This is a view which is in no way affected by putting the beginnings of ecclesiastical history in some sense or other as far back as the beginnings of the human race. Such, indeed, was the attempt which Eusebius, following Justin Martyr, tried to make, and which Augustine actually carried out in his great work *On the City of God*. But by going back to the beginnings of the human race it is obvious that the whole conception of a Church and its history may easily be frittered away and destroyed. There were liberal

* The above article is a translation of the address which Professor Harnack delivered at the recent Congress held in connection with the St. Louis Exposition. I need hardly say that it has been a great pleasure to me to do anything that may help in making it known to the English-speaking people on both sides of the Atlantic.—T. Bailey Saunders.

theologians in early times and in the Middle Ages who thus destroyed it—Abelard, for instance. This, however, was not the way in which the Church itself understood that its history should be carried back. On the contrary, it clings to the belief that within the general course of events there is a sacred history which is supernatural.

The Protestants of the 16th century did not really break with this conception. They did, indeed, deny that the Church with its external forms and its government was a divine creation. The whole idea of the Church they explained from within. But of the spiritualized Church, which they often saw only in the form of a small community, they asserted very much the same thing as Catholicism maintains of its big Church. They hardly did anything to shake the notion that there were two kinds of events, and the Church remained, as before, the scene of a second history. Orthodoxy in the Protestant Churches in our own day still persists in this view. Whether there is any fundamental justification for it is a question on which we shall touch at the close; but certain it is that in the form in which orthodoxy still clings to the idea it is untenable. The very fact that there is absolutely no criterion by which we can distinguish two kinds of history is enough to destroy it. Moreover, it is also shown to be incorrect by the further fact that all the forces which the Church was unwilling to recognize as of equal importance with itself it had to combat as enemies, thus producing a state of permanent unrest. Finally, experience itself refutes this view, for only when belief in a special kind of history was given up did the history of the Church begin to be understood.

It was in the 17th century that certain enlightened spirits first shook off this wrong notion. The 18th century further developed the knowledge thus won; in the 19th it was partly obscured again, but in the end it held its own. We can now say: *The History of the Church is part and parcel of universal history, and can be understood only in connection with it.*

But if the history of the Church is a part of universal history, it is closely bound up with other factors and developments, not as something alien, but as something akin to them; nay, it is only when thus bound up that it exists at all. The more attention we pay to these connections, the better we shall understand it. There are four large departments of history with which we are here specially concerned:—

1. Political history.
2. The history of religion in general.
3. The history of philosophy and of knowledge as a whole.
4. Economic history.

I have purposely refrained from speaking of the history of civilization in particular, because it cannot be treated scientifically without being divided into various sections.

I.

Political history, in the widest sense of the word, is history proper; for on the way in which men are formed into communities everything else that happens and all development depend. We may say, then, that the history of the State is the backbone of general history. If we fail to recognize this we reduce history to a series of romances or a sort of clever argument. For the scientific study of ecclesiastical history, therefore, we must insist, first, that the political or social character of the Church shall be kept well in mind; and secondly, that its relation to the State in which it grew up, and to the States and communities in and among which it lives, shall be carefully examined.

That the Church is a political organization has, of course, in some form or other, always been recognized. Even Eusebius spoke of it as a "polity." But it was only with the historian Mosheim that the first serious attempt was made to present this point of view. Up to his time people shrank from doing so, because they feared, not without reason, that the "divine" nature of the Church would suffer if its political character were placed in the foreground. The clue which Mosheim gave was not sufficiently attended to by the philosophical historians in the Romantic movement during the first half of the 19th century, unless I except Richard Rothe; nay, even now the correct view has yet to make its way.

The results which it gives us I may state at once: *In every age the first thing to consider is the constitution of the Church. But in every period of the history of the Church its constitution has been dependent on the general political conditions and ideas of the time; or, to put the matter more accurately, the Church has at all times shown a tendency to copy within itself the constitution of the State in which it lived, or to prescribe to the State the constitution which the State was to have.*

The truth of this proposition may be proved at every point in the history of the Church. Consider the Roman Catholic Church—what else is it but the old Roman Empire reproduced in the ecclesiastical domain? At the opposite pole to the Roman Church stand the Free Congregational Churches. But do not they, too, correspond to the political ideal which prevailed in the land of their birth at the time when they arose, and still prevails? And all the different forms of Churches which lie between these two extreme limits—are they not all of them ecclesiastical imitations of the political constitutions in and among which they exist? Everywhere the constitution of the Church has followed the pattern set for the time being by the State, or anticipated the constitution which the State was to take.

But by tending to copy the constitution of the State in which it lives the Church comes into a double relation to the State—a friendly and a hostile relation. Up to a certain point this tendency helps the State to carry out its necessary aims. Yet on the other hand, as a result of this same tendency, the Church becomes *the rival of the State.* The State must inevitably desire that everything developed within its borders shall be homogeneous with it, so far as law, authority, and the relations of the various classes are concerned. In this sense it is very glad to extend its toleration, nay, even to give privileges, to a community formed in accordance with its regulations. But the Church, as a religious community, also possesses *rights of its own,* and as soon as it extends these over the whole field of its political organization, it enters into secret or open opposition to the State: it becomes its rival.

The conflicts, however, which in these circumstances were inevitable, led to complications of a still greater kind. For, in the first place, the Church claimed to be the legitimate successor of the theocratic Jewish State, however much it also emphasized the fact that it itself was something new and of a different nature. In making this claim it at once, protest as it might to the contrary, advanced political pretensions of the most comprehensive character, even if at first it asserted them only negatively. In the second place, the Church was not content with simply copying within itself elements in the organization of the State. It refused to allow anything that it copied to have any value outside its own pale. By its own marriage-law it depreciated the civil marriage-law. By the development of its official hierarchy it lowered

the authority of the State officials. By its Papacy it lowered the Imperial dignity. Finally, in the third place, after compelling the State to accept the Christian creed, it put the State into a position of the greatest difficulty. By accepting the creed the State placed itself on the ground taken by the Church, and declared the ideals of the Church to be the right and the highest ideals. If it was now driven to defend itself against the claims of the Church to be master, it was compelled to fight with broken weapons, because it dared not attack the ultimate principles of the Church from which its own power was derived. The "Christian" State, then, when confronted by the Church, was bound to come off worst; for it was only half what the Church was entirely. The Christian State is the State undermined and sucked dry by the Church. It is like a towering tree brought to decay by the creeper that has fed on its sap. But when the State decays the national consciousness is always in danger of disappearing as well.

With certain exceptions, however, things did not come to this pass even in the Middle Ages. In the East the State found ways and means of taking over important functions of theocratic government. and of effecting an intimate fusion between Church and Nationality. In the West the tension between Church and State led to struggles which promoted the progress of civilization; for, at the very moment when the Church appeared to have attained its aim, the proof was afforded that, however capable it may be of winning a victory, the Church is unable to keep possession of the field. Nay, the great developments then began which led to the formation of our modern States and of the Protestant Churches. It is part of the very character of modern States that they no longer are, or aim at being, Christian in the same sense as Mediæval States, and Protestant Churches have either wholly or in part given up all theocratic pretensions. But in this connection we must not overlook the fact that even the constitutions and ecclesiastical ideals of the Protestant Churches, although they derive their basis from the inherent nature of Protestantism and from the Bible, are in strict dependence on the political theories and ideals which modern times have produced. The State Church, the National Church, more particularly as it is developed in Germany, offers in all its stages a precise parallel to the developments of the modern State, and the various theories of the State. In the same way, wherever free Churches are formed, they are dependent on the republican and democratic ideas of the period. The converse, it is true, has also happened: a Christian idea has preceded the political idea; but it was the political idea which first produced an ecclesiastical polity corresponding to it. The Christian idea, too, as a rule, asserted itself only when political ideas akin to it came to its aid.

This shows us that the study of political history is the necessary preliminary to the study of ecclesiastical history. Without it the most important developments remain unintelligible. In the history of the Church, however, every stage of the political history of the last two thousand years is still, as it were, actually present. In the two great Catholic Churches, the Roman and the Græco-Russian, the forms and tendencies of the Middle Ages are embodied; they still live on in them and still threaten us to-day—in Jesus Christ's name—with that Babylonian theocracy which destroys all national and individual freedom. We know how it came about that this universal theocratic ideal could establish itself on Christian ground. A

great fraternity embracing the whole human race—have we not there one of the inalienable ideals of Christendom, yet also an ideal which gave room for the mistaken notion, nourished as it was by Old Testament ideas, that this union could be attained in the quickest and safest way by a universal political Church-system? The notion is far from being exploded, but it will be driven from the field just in proportion as the ideal of a Christian fraternity *on the basis of Freedom* becomes a power.

On the basis of Freedom—and *on the basis of Nationalities;* for another lesson which political history, when examined in connection with ecclesiastical history, teaches us is that in the latter nationalities play an enormous part, and that any attempt to get rid of them is in vain. Every great nationality has made itself at home in the Church in its own way. We can distinguish a Greek, a Latin, a German, an English, an American Church-system, etc., etc., and the distinctions that obtain here are more important than all others. They are apparent, above all, in the mode of worship and in the way in which Christianity is practised; but even the development of doctrine has always been subject to strong national influences. No one who overlooks these distinctions, or explains them wrongly, can help falling into the grossest mistakes and making history obscure. The Christian fraternity at which we aim will come, not as a union of denationalized individuals, but as a union of friendly peoples, each one of which will have developed the best qualities of its race and nationality. This cannot take place unless each nation knows its own and others' national peculiarities. Nor can the ecclesiastical historian dispense with this knowledge if he wishes to understand the past and prepare for the future of the Church.

II.

National history leads us direct to the history of religion in general; for the religions of the peoples to which the Church came are very closely bound up with their national peculiarities. If, then, we are to study the history of the Christian religion, a thorough knowledge of the religions of the Greek, the Roman, the Germanic peoples, etc., is necessary. What resistance did these religions offer, what kind of resistance was it, in what respect was it strongest and in what weakest, and by what means did the Church overcome it?—these are the questions which at once arise and demand an answer if we are to understand the history of the Church.

But there is something more. We should be very short-sighted if we conceived the relation between the Christian religion and other religions solely as a contradiction. That they, too, have had an influence on the *development* of the Christian religion has long been known. Formerly, indeed, it was believed that this influence must be limited to the Christian heresies. It was held that the existence of the Gnostic sects and the rise of other phenomena were to be explained by the influence of Paganism on Christianity. But it has become evident in an increasing degree that *the Church itself* was also affected by the alien religions with which it fought. Their influence is apparent in the most varied fields, but especially where rites and ceremonies, sacraments and popular religious ideas are concerned. In Catholicism a religion of the first and a religion of the second order can be distinguished as existing side by side. If the first kind was to a considerable degree affected, the second was very strongly determined by extra-Christian superstitions. To investigate the extent of this influence in regard to each

particular problem is always, no doubt, a task demanding a great deal of care and critical tact. We are more inclined in these days to overvalue than to undervalue the influence of alien religions, and we are too ready to assert dependence where all that is in question is a parallel set of phenomena, developing here and there spontaneously. The abuse of this method, however, must not prevent us from seeing that there are many important phenomena in the inner history of the Church which can be explained only by taking account of alien religions; and that, when we are dealing with this history, to look at it from the point of view of the general history of religions is a method that has already borne rich fruit and promises still more.

But it is not enough to study the influence of alien religions on the *history* of Christianity. Nay, we have seen with increasing clearness in the last few decades that the *origin*, too, of Christianity cannot be understood without taking account of them. The Christian religion, no doubt, is the religion of Jesus Christ; but it came when "the time was fulfilled." The Christian religion, then, is the Jewish religion fulfilled, that is to say, brought to a completion and transfigured. But the Jewish religion in Jesus' time was not a simple affair; on the contrary, through the labors of the prophets and the influence of other religions it had become a spiritualized but also a highly complex fabric. In the breadth of its development it was a syncretistic religion, but even on its inner side it was deepened and enriched by extra-Jewish elements. In the course of its transformation into Christianity it did not lose these component parts of its nature. That is why we must go back to Babylon and Assyria, to Egypt and Persia, to discover the origin of important elements in Christianity. We are doing this to-day, but in doing it we too often overlook the more serious and difficult business of studying the *changes in meaning* which the received elements underwent. Merely to state that they exist, and to say whence they come, carries us a very little way. Nay, we shall become involved in huge misunderstandings and confusions if we do not attend to the *place* which the old material held and the *new meaning* which it received in the Christian Church from the very beginning. It is no doubt true that the seven great Angels came from Babylon, the Devil from Persia, the Logos from Greece. But in the Gospel and the Apostolic writings the Devil means something different from Ahriman, and the Logos of John and Ignatius is not the Logos of Philo. We can only desire with all our hearts that not only in regard to the Old Testament, but also in regard to the New, the investigation of religious history shall go on; but we must just as earnestly insist that in this process the great changes in the meaning of ideas and conceptions shall be clearly kept in view. Even where the dependence of Christian ideas and practices on Pagan is particularly evident—I mean in the case of the sacraments—we must not be content with merely pointing out this dependence; for the Christian doctrine of the sacraments has characteristic features of its own; as is proved, for example, by Justin Martyr's account of baptism.

There is another reason, too, why we must study the history of religion in general. We must study it not only because the history of the Church in nearly all its stages has acted on other religions and been itself affected by them, but also because a complete understanding of *one* religion cannot possibly be obtained without a knowledge of others. It is true that the historian of the Christian Church is here at an advantage compared with the historian

of any other religion; for Christianity —together with its precursor, Judaism —is, in space and time, content and development, something so universal that almost all conceivable religious phenomena are to be found in its history. Nevertheless we cannot hope to obtain a definite knowledge of Christianity unless we compare it with other religions. We run too great a risk of taking what is important for what is unimportant, what is primary for what is secondary, and *vice-versâ*, if we do not compare—so far as comparisons are at all possible. Here, too, the words of the poet apply:—

Ehe es sich ründet in einem Kreis
Ist kein Wissen vorhanden;
Ehe nicht Einer Alles weiss
Ist die Welt nicht verstanden.

I do not, of course, mean that our Faculties of Christian Theology should be turned into Faculties of the General History of Religion—we are not here concerned with any merely academic question—but still I am quite sure that the student must not separate the history of Christianity from this wider history, and that the progress of knowledge depends on observing the connection of both.

III.

The history of religion in general leads us to the Psychology of Religion, and here we have a fresh means of understanding the facts of ecclesiastical history. It is only in the last ten years that we have begun to bring religious psychology and the comparative history of religion into connection with each other, and we have thereby obtained some very valuable results already. Let me specially mention the labors of William James. They have shown us that to study the history of the Christian religion on its dogmatic side alone is not enough, and that together with and previous to this study we can and must pay attention to the fundamental manifestations of religion themselves. In this way the *independent character* of the religious life has been more vividly brought to mind, and we have been able to get a better view of the question as to what is morbid and what is healthy in religion, what is eccentric and what is central.

Still, these investigations are more applicable to the religions before Christianity than to Christianity itself; for, owing to the close connection between religion *and ethics* which Christianity exhibits, all manifestations of religion that are devoid of an ethical meaning lose their force. They seem to us only just tolerable but not characteristic or normal expressions of religion. Then again, the clear and certain character of the Christian idea of God leaves no room for a state of religious emotion based on the feeling that the Deity is a dark and overwhelming force. Christian piety, as the apostle Paul says, is a "reasonable service," and therefore it stands nearer to the highest qualities and activities of the mind than to the lower.

To philosophy, too, therefore, and to knowledge generally it stands in close relation. This was noticed even in the earliest ages. The Christian apologists of the second century explained Greek philosophy as due to the same spirit of which the full revelation was exhibited in Jesus Christ; and Clement of Alexandria regarded it, equally with the Old Testament, as a preliminary stage of the Christian religion. The development of dogma in the primitive Church stood under the influence of Greek philosophy, more especially of Platonism; and in the Middle Ages Aristotle helped to build up the Church's intellectual system. In modern times the philosophy of Leibnitz, Kant, Hegel and Schelling has

had its effect on Protestant dogmatics; and in our own day theology has been strongly influenced by the modern theory of knowledge and by psychology generally, as well as by the theory of development.

This is all so evident and so notorious that there is no need to expatiate on the fact that without a knowledge of the history of philosophy we cannot study the history of the Church. But Hegel and his followers ask us to take a step further: Christian doctrine and philosophy, they say, are not only intertwined with each other, are not only akin to each other, but are in the last resort identical. The considerations leading to this hypothesis are as follows: Religion exhibits the relation between man and the Absolute, and a knowledge of the Absolute is that to which our intellectual efforts are directed. In the lower stages of religion, however, this relation is at best only felt; and hence these stages are incomplete, particularistic, and encumbered with alien matter. As development progresses they become more and more pure and spiritual, until they reach their culminating point in Christianity. God is then revealed and recognized as the absolute and immanent Spirit. According to this view, the history of the formation and development of Christian dogma is the real history of the Christian religion; and the most important elements, too, in dogma are the speculative assertions, especially those on the nature of the Trinity and on Christology; for in them the pure, pantheistic knowledge of God comes to expression, in part clearly and plainly, in part only lightly veiled. In this way the history of philosophy and the history of higher, especially of the Christian, religion are, rightly understood, identical; nay, in their identity we get not only the true history of the human spirit but also the history of God Himself: In this history the *Absolute Spirit* "has come to itself."

This magnificent conception of the history of the Church is not, indeed, without some value; but, for all that, it cannot be accepted. That the knowledge of God as the Absolute Spirit forms a main element in the Christian religion is true. On the other hand, since the aim of philosophy is to get at the ultimate reasons for everything, and these are not to be found in anything material, an elective affinity is thereby established between philosophy and spiritual religion. Moreover, the higher forms of religion have at all times made use of philosophical thought in order to justify the idea of God and give it a fuller development; and, conversely, philosophy has taken account of the ideas expressive of religious and more particularly of Christian faith. But these circumstances must not blind us to the fact that religion and a philosophical theory of the world, so long as the latter keeps to its own ground, are two different things. Religion is a definite state of feeling and will, basing itself on inner experience and on historical facts. This it remains even in its higher stages; and hence the intellectual element in it, although an absolutely necessary element, always takes the second place. Again, religion is never "disinterested," as any theory must be; on the contrary, it has to do with hopes and aspirations; nay, we may even say that religion is the instinct of self-preservation in a higher form—an instinct, however, which in the Christian religion is not concerned with the empirical *Ego* and with earthly life, but with the inmost core of this *Ego*, which in another world, the world of Freedom and the Good, sees its true home. Philosophy cannot and may not know anything of all this, except in so far as it calls religion to its aid when it attempts to study the philos-

ophy of religion. For without religion philosophy remains bound down to the five senses and the whole apparatus of psychology and logic, which everywhere carry it back to at least *two* fundamental factors and *one* uniform process. In religion, on the other hand, it is *one* fundamental factor and *two* processes which we are led to accept. The obscurities to which this state of things sometimes give rise; the "belief" of philosophy in the unity of the fundamental factor, and the half-belief of the theologians in the God of religion, have produced endless confusion in the course of history, and brought about the erroneous notion that the results of pure knowledge and of religion are essentially akin to each other or even identical. No! they are different; they are two parallel lines which — religious philosophy apart, which is not *pure* philosophy—are connected only, as it were, by the bridge of certain analogies, or by the flights of fancy which merge their different fields in one in order to give them life.

However—be the distance between them what it may—in the actual history of things they are very closely bound up with each other. They have done each other great service, and together they represent the higher life of humanity. How much does religion, even the Christian religion, owe to the progressive achievements of philosophy and the various forms of knowledge! How much they have done to purify it, to clear it of false ideas, and to free it from impossible pretensions! Religion, no doubt, is very tenacious in clinging to old prejudices, and the history of the relation between philosophy and religion is also the history of a struggle. Andrew White has described it for us. Religion seems always to have had to surrender; but it only *seems*. All that it did was to abandon outworks that were no longer of any use to it. It shed the leaves in which there was no more life. On the other hand, in none of the intellectual systems that have prevailed from time to time has the human mind ever spoken its last word, and nearly all of them have borrowed something from religion. The human mind has had to take these systems back again and again, and put others in their place. The more closely and attentively the ecclesiastical historian examines this struggle of the mind in itself and in its relation to religion, the deeper he will go, and the more indispensable he will make the study of his subject to the science of history as a whole.

IV.

We said just now that the human mind has never spoken its last word in any of the intellectual systems that have prevailed from time to time. Is that true? Have we not, perhaps, its last word in the theory which tells us that it is economic conditions—I mean food, the supply of food, and the place where it can be obtained—which ultimately determine all intellectual life and all higher development, including that of religion? I must not try within the limits of this lecture to explain my reasons for declining to accept such a theory. I may say, however, that it seems to me to be refuted by the mere fact that the most material element acting upon man always produces feelings and ideas which themselves act as forces in their turn, and stand in no simple proportionate relation to their material causes. Moreover, as long as men continue to sacrifice their possessions, their blood, and their life, for ideal aims, it will be impossible for anyone to maintain the materialistic view of history except with the help of sophisms.

But although we decline to explain everything that happens by the play of economic conditions, we may still

gratefully acknowledge that this latest, the economic, view of history has shed and will continue to shed a great deal of light on the history of the Church. Let me show what I mean by a few examples. The great extension of Christianity in the early centuries cannot be explained without keeping the social and economic views and practices of the Christian communities in view. Every one of these communities not only tried to relieve the poor, to provide for widows and orphans, the sick, the weak, those who were out of work or persecuted, etc., but it was also *a regular association for mutual help*. By the union of all these communities in the Empire into a firm alliance with one another a social organism arose which could not fail to attract, in the highest degree, the economically unfortunate. That this is really what happened is shown by pagan writers themselves. It was shown, for instance, by Lucian in his *Peregrinus Proteus*.

But not only did the Church step in where social relations were concerned; its thoughts and ideas were also determined by its attitude in questions of economics. The distrust which the Church shows towards wealth and capital is in part to be explained by the poverty of the early communities; and here, too, its theories about earthly possessions have one of their roots. When it afterwards came to number both rich and poor in its ranks, it retained that distrust. This had a very paradoxical result: The dangers of wealth, it was said, exist only for the individual Christian; they do not exist for the Church, which is preserved from them by its sacred character. There is no harm, then, in the Church becoming rich. Rich, accordingly, it became. Part of its wealth was due to the fact that in the dark days of inner and outer convulsion a man's possessions and his capital were still safest under its protection. Hence men often handed over their property to the Church, not only in order to save their souls, but also to secure themselves from high-handed acts or sheer robbery. The Church entered on the Middle Ages as a great and wealthy and therefore aristocratic power; and the immense struggles between Emperor and Pope, Princes and Bishops, were all in the last resort struggles for wealth and dominion.

The whole history of the Church in the Middle Ages may therefore, nay must, be studied from the economic point of view. This is very evident even in the history of Monasticism. Up to the time when the orders of mendicant friars arose, the development of Western Monasticism has a place in the history of the large landed estate. An abbey would sometimes form the centre of such an estate, and the abbot *nolens volens* had to provide for his monastery before he provided for the spiritual welfare of his monks. But even the movement which produced the mendicant friars very quickly became in its turn part and parcel of an economic movement, although of a different kind. Light may also be shed on the development of the Papacy from the same source, for one of the conditions of its becoming a sovereign power was the possession of landed property. In the struggle about the investiture of the bishops the questions at issue were concerned just as much with property as with dominion; and as a European power whose possessions were not on a par with its position, the Papacy was especially affected by the economic upheaval which took place in the 14th and 15th centuries. If it was to survive, ready money had to be collected from all sides. To get money it had to raise its spiritual pretensions in every direction, and make them into fresh rights; nay, more, it had to multiply the means of grace which the Church offered, and exploit

them as financial resources. Just because it was a financial power, however, the Papacy now began to excite distrust and dislike, and this it was that paved the way for the reforming movements. We can thus see how greatly religious theories and ecclesiastical arrangements were dependent on this development. Of the new sacramental observances, of the multitudinous rites and ceremonies, and of the fresh dogmas framed upon them, a large number had their origin in economic and financial necessities.

In this respect the upheaval which the Reformation denoted did not involve any radical change. Here, too, economic and social conditions played a great part. That the Reformation got the upper hand among a portion of the German people was due, first and foremost, to the Princes, who aimed at creating territorial Churches for themselves and being masters in their own house. In this connection, however, we must not forget that in the larger towns and in the country districts the Reformation assisted the class-consciousness of certain aspiring orders in the community, and that, on the other hand, the knights of the Empire, who were in a bad way economically, attempted by its means to regain their previous position. But it is in France and, above all, in England, that the close connection between the Reformation and social and economic conditions is particularly plain. Even after England had shaken off the Papacy it was social and economic conditions which determined religious parties and struggles: the King and the aristocracy held to the Church of the Thirty-nine Articles; the higher middle classes were Presbyterian; the aspiring lower middle classes were Puritan and rallied to Cromwell's flag. When we look, too, at the way in which, both there and in Protestant Germany, the character and aims of the Church were then settled by the theologians, it is plain that side by side with political conditions the theories adopted were strongly acted on by social influences as well. These influences extend even to dogmatics and ethics (the "divinely appointed" orders), and to show that in detail is one of the tasks of the future. We must never allow ourselves to forget, however, that behind the economic factors there are always the political, and that it is these that really turn the scale. In power and effect they outweigh all other factors, so far as externals are concerned.

That the history of the Church is most closely bound up and interwoven with all the great branches of general history, is what I have tried to show. In recognizing this fact, and in shaping our study accordingly, there may possibly be some risk of our losing sight of or undervaluing the *special character* which attaches to the history of the Church. We shall guard ourselves against any such danger if we always bear in mind that all our labors in this sphere ought to help us to throw light on the question, *What is the Christian religion?* This must ever remain the guiding-star of our researches, however wide the range which they will have to take. If ecclesiastical history loses sight of that guiding-star, it will also lose the right to form a special subject of study within the science of history. If it follows that star, then what is characteristic of every independent subject of knowledge will also hold good of it—that it unveils itself only to the man who devotes himself entirely to it. Grimm once made the fine observation that knowledge has no secrets, though it has its secrecies; it has no *Geheimnisse*, but it has *Heimlichkeiten*. The history of the Church also has its *Heimlichkeiten*. The man who is half-hearted in his efforts about it will see nothing; it is only when he

woos it with the loyalty of a Jacob that he will win the bride.

In the history of the Church, however, these *Heimlichkeiten* go very deep and are very precious. We have seen that there is no such thing as a double history, and that everything that happens enters into the one stream of events. But there is a single inner experience which everyone can possess; which to every one who possesses it is like a miracle; and which cannot be simply explained as the product of something else. It is what the Christian religion describes as the *New Birth*—that inner, moral, new creation which transmutes all values, and of the slaves of compulsion makes the children of freedom. Not even in the history of the Church can anyone get a direct vision of this inner evolution accomplished in the individual, nor by any external facts whatever can anyone be convinced of its possibility and reality. But the light which shines from it throws its rays on what happens on the stage, and lets the spectator feel in his heart that the forces of history are not exhausted in the natural forces of the world, or in the powers of head and hand. This is the *Heimlichkeit* of the history of the Church because it is the *Heimlichkeit* of religion.

Adolf Harnack.

The Contemporary Review.

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST.—V.

THE FALL OF THE MIGHTY.

Tsingtau, September.

The flag-lieutenant leaned wearily on the rail. It would have been difficult to have adequately analyzed his thoughts. They were conjured up by the weariness of life which possessed his body, and the fierce despair and utter humiliation which had crushed his soul. The rim of the beam from the search-light on Golden Hill, as it was lighting the water-way for passage of the last of the battleships, flooded the superstructure of the flagship as she rode at anchor. Yet it was more than the intensity of the unnatural light that blanched the faces of the little group of officers on the bridge. It was not fear,—Russians are not cowards: besides, the officers of the Russian Pacific Squadron were past fear. It was the utter hopelessness which knowledge of physical incompetency breeds in the vicinity of death. The crestfallen consciousness of impotency that might be seen in the face of an inexpert motorist if the *chauffeur* suddenly had fainted; but not what one would have anticipated in the faces of men to whom a great nation still looked for the successful shaping of its destinies.

It was a weird scene. Three great white beams of light pierced a background that was otherwise impenetrable in its inky blackness. They focussed their concentration upon one point, and illuminated with dazzling contrasts the gaunt hull and heavy tops of the battleship in their every detail, as with laborious toil it was towed between the artificial sags,—legacies of Japanese efforts to obstruct the fairway. In front of it three launches were dragging a mine-trawl. The busy panting of the tugs and the swirl of the water beneath the trawl-hawse were the only sounds in the vicinity. But other sounds punctuated the stillness of the night,—there was ever present the dull reverberation of the Japanese shells from the investing lines, as they burst wih maddening monotony on the hill-crests of the outer defences. Just for a moment the rim

of the beam had rested on the flagship, then its focus was readjusted, and all was darkness, except where the moving vessel glided past, conjuring up the vision of some spectre vessel in a grim stage setting. It glided past until it was two cables' length distant from the flagship. Then three or four short sharp orders in a deep voice. One tug at least seemed to redouble its panting, and then the jarring rattle of metal links told that the warship was anchoring. Almost immediately a light was shown from a casemate on the lee-side of the flagship, and as if by magic the beams of the search-lights disappeared.

The flag-captain who was standing by the Admiral called the flag-lieutenant by name. Only the first half of the difficulties were over. The lesser had been accomplished, but the greater was to come. The flag-lieutenant took his orders, and moved lethargically down the ladder. A launch was piped to the gangway, and in two minutes he was on his way to give directions to the trawlers. They would now be required to cover the advance of the squadron as it felt its way to the open sea. What were the risks of the home waters in comparison to the open sea! Presently the flash-lights burst up again. Now the reflectors threw the faltering beams well out to sea. It was essential that the adventurous squadron might lie unseen in the shadow of complementary darkness. The lights now traversed as in normal circumstances, lest the reconnoitring torpedo craft from the blockading squadron should become suspicious. As soon as the trawlers were in position, the flagship showed a stern light, and the sound of her winches conveyed to the squadron the order for the momentous movement.

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Daylight, and a thick haze. Thank Providence for the haze. Might it hold until they made the Shantung promontory! The flag-lieutenant was still leaning over the bridge-rail. Now you could see his features clearly. The estimate formed in the fierce beam of the search-light had not been unjust. He was a tall spare youth, fined down now below his normal standard by the distressing tension of adverse war. His aristocratic features were drawn and pinched. His auburn beard was touzled and unkempt in its niggard growth; great dark rings encircled his blue eyes. His uniform was in keeping with his features. His duck trousers suggested rather the engineer on watch than the staff officer on the bridge. Yet in his state he was in keeping with the crew lying wearily at their stations. Few were sleeping. The Pacific Squadron, from Admiral to coal-trimmer, was in no mood for sleep that morning. Thank Providence only for the mist! The squadron crept on—the battleships in line ahead, the cruisers following in similar formation. The sea was smooth: it usually is so when the land mists lie. Presently a torpedo-boat appeared ahead. It was steaming at its utmost speed, as the great wave breaking over its whaleback showed. A desperate Jap? No; only a report from the scouting line ahead. The flags were fluttering from the tiny mast. The mist rendered the bunting indistinct. But in a minute she was abreast, and the megaphone told the story: "A division of Japanese torpedo-boats, an exchange of shots, and the escape of the hostile boats"!

The Admiral bit his lip. It was not unexpected, but he had hoped that the mist might have shielded him longer. The gamble was over now: he must turn back immediately, or stand on to fight. The torpedo-lieutenant was at his elbow, with a long thin strip of paper in his hand. He had come from the wireless chamber, and the paper was what the machine had recorded.

It was a jumble of dots and dashes. But it was Japanese. It did not matter that it was in cipher; the Admiral could read the history the tape related as clearly as if it had been in his own language. It meant that the Japanese patrol-boats had made his movement out. That they had raced to the guardship with the news, and that the guardship was now transmitting it, as fast as the wireless spark could make it, to the Japanese fleet lying under steam in the Elliott Group. It meant that the Russian fleet must turn back now, or stand on to fight. The Admiral looked over the head of the torpedo lieutenant and gazed out to sea. The mist was disappearing. A south-westerly breeze was rolling it up into the Manchurian coast. The Admiral bit his lip, but no sign on his wan pale face gave evidence of the struggle that was throbbing in his mind. He turned and looked down the line of battleships he commanded. One, two, three, four, five! His decision was made in that moment. He would stand on: steer for the Korean Straits if he could; fight if he must!

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The mist had lifted, and the sun shone brightly overhead. The swell just moved to the temper of the breeze, and the yellow sea for once was blue. The Russian flagship stood on her course. She was stately, though weather-stained; but in her stripped decks and towering superstructure she showed nothing of the battle scars which distinguished the lean-hulled cruiser flagship now abreast on the starboard beam. The flagship was fresh from the dockyard, while the cruisers had borne the brunt of six months' war. The Admiral was manœuvring a fleet for the first time in his life. How soon would he be manœuvring it in the presence of the enemy! The answer came almost at once. The navigating officer reported Encounter Rock on the port beam; at the same moment the officer in the foretop shouted down that he could make out a heavy cloud of smoke rising above the silver belt of mist which still clung to the north-eastern horizon. It might or it might not be the torpedo craft, who since daylight had been as tenacious to the movements of the squadron as pilot-fish. Every glass was turned in the direction indicated—every glass with the exception of the Admiral's: he stood against the rail with his hands clasping the metal bar behind him. Only the yeoman of the signals, with the slack of the halliards across his palm, could see that the long pale fingers were convulsively closing and opening their hold. To the rest of the little group on the bridge the Admiral's pale impassive features conveyed no inkling of the fearful anxiety that was battling in his mind. The great engines ground on below, making their sixteen knots, and each revolution seemed to smite the Admiral as he awaited the verdict of the watchers. The mystery of the smoke was not long in discovering itself. The breeze was still chasing the mist northwards, and the masts and tops of Togo's battle squadron separated quickly from the silver fog. Six vessels steaming line ahead were responsible for the suspicious smoke; and then the flag-captain reported deliberately, "There is another squadron north-west of them, steering a course nearer to us." Was it a spasm in the engines, or was it a shudder that seemed to strike every man on the bridge, and almost simultaneously communicate itself to figures in dirty duck on the decks below? What made so many ashen faces turn towards the bridge?

"Six—no, there are only five!"

"Perhaps it is the British from Wei-hai-wei—the silhouette of their ships is very similar," was laconically sug-

gested by the flag-lieutenant, with the faintest suspicion of optimism in his voice.

"Japanese battleships!" A monotonous voice from the top killed this last hope.

"*Mikasa*, *Shikishima*, *Yashima*, and *Nisshin* in line ahead!" droned the flag-captain as the Japanese squadron became "hull up," showing the white "bones" in front of each. To fight was now imperative. In a moment the bridge resounded with the strident voice of the Admiral. The lethargy vanished, the flag-lieutenant dropped down the ladder, and the decks thrilled with the bugle note. Even before the signal flags had left the yeoman's hand, the squadron had passed the bugle-call along. To fight was now imperative—why, imperative! it had already begun; the rattle of the *Novick's* quickfirers rolled across the summer sea; she was engaging the more enterprising of Togo's scouts. Back the little boats steamed to shelter under the lee of the battle squadron.

The Russians would fight—the battle flags were bent!

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The great ship quivered—then quivered again. For a moment the flag-lieutenant thought that a torpedo had struck her. His nervous system remembered that first torpedo under Golden Hill. It was only the twelve-inch guns. But they made the conning-tower rock. The Japanese had manœuvred, and were now standing in on the starboard beam. The Russian Admiral changed his course. Great projectiles were ricochetting overhead and raising geysers of salt spray all round them. But for the present the flagship could answer shot for shot, and one of the hostile battleships—the *Yashima* it looked like—had drawn out of the fighting line.

The Admiral clenched the hand-rail. His face was still pale, but the fighting-light was in his eyes. For a moment his gaze turned from the *Mikasa*, with her black hull flashing lurid yellow up and down its lean length. The mist was up again in the south-west.

"Make the fleet signal, 'Close up—follow me.'" Then he turned to the officer at the navigating tube, "For the promontory."

At the same moment there was a deafening report, and the vessel swung so that every one in the conning-tower was thrown against the walls.

"What was that—mined?"

The dread of mine and torpedo by this time was firmly ingrained in every Russian sailor, and as the flag-lieutenant sprang down the ladder the horrible nightmare of the *Petropavlovsk* leaped up before his mental vision. It was nothing. A deck officer, who seemed as unconcerned as if he were at manœuvres, came hurrying forward. He reported that a large shell had hit the after 12-inch turret, glanced, and in bursting wrecked the top above.

"Awful! Poor fellows' flesh came down with the splinters on deck like flowers in a carnival!" The cold-blooded simile passed in the heat of the surroundings. Then the vessel staggered from two terrific blows forward. The flag-lieutenant stumbled ahead, drawing his hands mechanically to his ears, while the torn fragments of iron and splinter soughed past him. Biting, stinging smoke blinded him, while the force of the concussion flattened him against a ventilator. The first sight he saw was the mangled frame of his comrade. The top of the poor wretch's head was gone, a half-burned cigarette was still between the clenched teeth. He threw his glance upwards—the forward smoke-stack was rent from top to bottom, and the flame and smoke were licking round its base. The 12-inch guns in the forward battery solemnly fired, and the ear-splitting crack of the discharge brought the

youth to his senses. He made for the ladder. Great God! the conning-tower and forward bridge was but torn, smoking, and twisted wreck. A man jumped to the deck. His face was as black as an Ethiopian's, his uniform and beard torn and discolored to a filthy yellow, his left arm, severed at the biceps, was dangling by a sinew.

"All are killed, the Admiral, all!" the figure gasped, as it reeled and sank fainting to the deck.

Then the port guns fired. The flag-lieutenant realized that the ship was not steering—she was veering round. He dashed to the after bridge, past the quickfirer crews lying prostrate, amid the wreckage and the corpses. He found the commander superintending the shipping of the after steering-gear, and reported the paralyzing intelligence. The commander looked at him blankly a moment. He was bleeding from a skin wound in the neck, and such of his uniform not stained yellow was scarlet with blood.

"Good!" he ejaculated; "she is steering again. Full steam ahead. Make a fleet signal. Make the signal, 'The Admiral transfers the command.'"

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Thank Providence for that mist. The flagship at sixteen knots came into the bright bay that faces the Ostend of the Far East. For the last time during the war the 12-pounder crews were mustered. What a relief. Mustered in peace to salute the German flag.

CHAMPIONS.

The moment of deadlock had arrived. The Russian counter-attack, desperate though it had been, had failed to get home; but the Japanese infantry, immovable itself, was unable to turn the mass of Russians from behind the fold in the ground which they had reached. Barely three hundred paces separated the muzzles of these opposing lines of blackened rifles. But that narrow green strip was impassable to both. To show upon it was to court almost certain death. Already the turf was littered with fallen men, and scarred and seared with the violence of plunging shell. But the artillery fire from both sides had now ceased, since from the gun positions it was impossible to discriminate between friend and foe.

Lieutenant Tokugawa, of the —st Regiment of Imperial Japanese Infantry, lay amongst his men, with his eyes fixed upon a slight mound midway between the firing lines. The five stones which served him as a head-cover gave him a scant loop-hole. The little mound attracted him. It was little more than a fairy ring—perhaps it was some Manchu's grave; but it fascinated Tokugawa, and he made a mental measure of its distance. He was calculating if it should be the limit of the next rush when it was ordered. Tokugawa was a little man. But though his stature was small in the matter of cubits, his back was that of an athlete. He had the reputation of being the bravest and strongest man in the regiment, where all were brave and strong.

That mound—innocent little heap of emerald green—was exercising its fascination upon another soldier. Two of the most sanguinary rushes made before the Russian counter-stroke finally failed had been led by a tall fair subaltern and a long-haired priest. Twice had these two placed themselves in front of a group of desperate men and striven to win their way to the Japanese bayonets, and twice had rifle fire obliterated the attempt, leaving but a handful to regain the shelter of the dip. But the fair subaltern's eye had caught the mound. It marked the possible place for a pause, and, setting his teeth, he marshalled his shattered sec-

tions for a last despairing effort. The afternoon sun caught the glint of the tapering bayonets as the obedient *moujiks* rose to their feet. A clatter of rifles brought into position passed down the Japanese firing-line as the watchful little eyes accepted the warning. Up rose the youthful subaltern and priest, with perhaps twenty men behind them. One withering volley, and the attempt had failed almost before it had begun. The subaltern, the priest, and four others alone stood, and came racing for the mound. Other rifles spoke. One by one the men staggered and collapsed. Now only the priest and officer remain. A few more steps and the scant haven will be reached. The priest, with his lank locks waving in the air, his crucifix aloft, sinks to earth as his legs become nerveless beneath him. Yet, though he is fast becoming spent, he holds the emblem above him. But the youth! Tokugawa can now see his fair yet firm-set features, can almost feel the flash from his blue eyes. The mud-spirts of striking bullets seem to entangle him; yet on he still comes. His life is surely charmed by that crucifix still held aloft with faltering strength in that taloned hand. A moment more and——he is down behind the cover! The mound top is scarred and rent with striking nickel. The crucifix is shattered with the hand that held it, as the priest collapses to a dozen wounds. A sleet of bullets sweeps the narrow margin, and then all is still again.

A fierce light burns in Tokugawa's eyes. He is unwinding the thong from his two-handed sword,—the sword which his father wielded in the Rebellion—which his forebears in the direct line had wielded in a thousand fights for half as many years. His resolution once taken, nothing could shake it. The fascination of the mound was now changed to magnetism. He is on his feet—the true steel is bare in his hands, and he is racing for the mound. A shout goes up, a cheer in which both sides join. The tall fair subaltern has jumped to his feet. The best blade in Tsarskoe Selo is bare in his hand—he has accepted the challenge, and he stands with head erect at the base of the mound awaiting the onrush of his diminutive adversary. As if by instinct the battle in the vicinity accepts the trial by champion, and both sides rest on their arms, even expose themselves freely by rising to their knees.

The moment is supreme. The bright sunlight: the green, with its groups of fallen men, the lesser wounded raising themselves painfully to watch the coming issue: the war-bedraggled spectators shooting up as it were from the ground: the two main figures with a bright star of light on the ground behind them, as a sun-ray catches the shattered crucifix. Ten paces from the mound Tokugawa halts to catch his breath, for he has raced a hundred yards. The tall Russian lowers his guard, and bows slightly. He will take no mean advantage. The little Japanese is quick to detect the courtesy implied, and, not to be outdone, instinctively inclines his head. Then, remembering he is a soldier, he brings his bright blade to "the recover." The Russian salutes likewise, and then they close in mortal combat.

The Russian is the swordsman—Tokugawa the energetic and vigilant assailant. The blades flash high and low for a moment; the clash of the steel is audible to both fighting lines, in spite of the din of battle raging with unceasing vigor all around them. Then a murmur goes up from the onlookers, a blade has been flung clear of the mêlée, and falls—falls beside the crucifix. A shout from the Japanese—*Banzai! banzai! banzai!* It is the Russian who is disarmed. Whether snapped, or shorn by the superior steel,

his blade has gone; he stands with nothing but the hilt in his hand. *Banzai!* The end has come, and the Russian onlookers fiercely grip their pieces. The subaltern springs back, and then hurling the remnant of his faithless weapon at his adversary's face, he closes upon him with his naked hands. The missile misses, and Tokugawa, with the agility of a squirrel, leaps sideways—the two-handed sword of his fathers is raised to strike—the end has come, and the rifles quiver in the Russians' hands. But no—the blow never falls: with a side-sweep, which was the stoutest and noblest stroke that ever swordsman had struck, Tokugawa flings the weapon from him—twenty yards away it falls—and then man to man with naked hands the champions close. Fair-haired giant and swarthy pigmy. It is all over in a few seconds. By some occult leverage—some subtle science, in which mind triumphs over muscle—Tokugawa flings his great opponent to the ground, and kneels upon his chest. Again the cheer rings out. The Russians even join issue, for the magnanimity of the sword has not escaped them.

Tokugawa jumps clear, and, extending his hand, helps the Russian to his feet. For a moment the two men stand with hands clasped, looking into each other's eyes. Though they cannot speak each others' tongue, yet they read there that which no known language can express. The Russian stoops and picks something from the ground. It is the shattered crucifix: he places it in his late opponent's hand. Tokugawa tugs at the little chain at his breast. The link gives and he passes to the Russian officer his seal and signet. Again the two men grasp hands, and then they salute and turn. The cheer rises afresh as they stride back to their respective lines. No finger touches trigger until both, after a farewell wave, are back to cover again. A moment's pause. The Japanese reinforcements have arrived. A heavy fire, a shout, and then the mass of Japanese advance and drive the Russians from the field.

THE OUTPOST.

If you turn up a North China sailing directory you will find that the west coast of Korea is recommended to mariners with a note of warning. It is an iron-bound seaboard, and the northern portion of it, which hitherto has remained uncharted in the Admiralty records, for three months in winter is ice-bound. In reality the coast from Yongampo to Fusan is fringed with a succession of rugged cliffbound islets. Hundreds of pinnacled rocks and masses of cliff, apparently of no value to living creatures other than seabirds. In winter a bleak, dreary, dangerous coast-line indeed. In summer, when the Yellow Sea is tranquil, the islands are of no import from their very barrenness and inaccessibility. The reader will speculate unto himself what history, except of shipwreck, can be fathered upon a region so isolated and uninteresting. Of shipwreck, as it is brought to mind by a rock-bound coast, we have no concern; but some of these inaccessible and unheard-of rocks for a brief period in the early months of this year were the means by which the great palpitating world heard the legends of sea disasters more ghastly than simple shipwrecks.

Two men sat crouching over a charcoal fire in the worst apology for a hut that imagination could conceive. Half cave, a quarter tent, and the remainder sods and board, it furnished the poorest shelter from the semi-blizzard that was raging outside. The men

seemed half perished with cold, in spite of the goatskin coats in which they were clad. They cowered over the brass pot that held their fire, and raked the embers together to increase the miserable heat. And well they might cower, for the whole ramshackle erection swayed and rattled with the wind, while the driven sleet, bitter and searching, made its way through the many crevices in roof and wall. Outside a very tumult raged,—the wind howled and shrieked all round the dwelling, the ceaseless thunder of breaking waves showed that these two miserables were living on the brink of some sea-washed cliff, while the brief intervals and lulls in the grinding storm were filled with the plaintive moan of wind-vibrating wires and stays. A glance round the hovel, and a stranger would have been stupefied. The light was good and bright—well it might be, for it was electric. Electricity in such a dwelling! And look on the shelves against the wall. Instruments—instruments the most modern and delicate that science could manufacture.

A bell rang,—electric too,—and presently a wheel began to click, slowly but deliberately. If you had closed your eyes you could have imagined that you were in your club listening to the mechanism that gives you the latest quotation from the Bourse. Slowly the instrument ticked. Both men listened, nodding out the dots and dashes as they read them. Then one of them jumped to his feet.

"That is it—that is our own—not the confounded Russian."

His companion rose and joined him, and together they pored over the long strip of paper as the symbols were ticked off on it at the rate of ten to fifteen words a minute. All the men could tell was that it was their own cipher. Above that they had no knowledge, beyond the fact that as soon as they received the final group the message was to be transmitted farther. For half an hour the machine ticked on monotonously, and then the message ended. One of the men pulled an old oil-papered umbrella out of the corner, opened the creaking door, and dived into the blizzard without. He was responsible for the gas-engine. His comrade filled a long-stemmed pipe with a bowl just a quarter the size of a girl's thimble. He picked up a glowing coal with the primitive fire-tongs. In three whiffs his smoke was done, and then, turning to the shelf again, he switched on the current and touched the key. With a smack like a bullet flattening against a wall the great spark cracked out, filling the room with a white-blue glare. And, long and short, short and long, in the midst of its sputtering noise the message went. Over sixty miles across that stormy sea had it come. It was now going seventy miles through space to the receiving-station at Togo's *rendezvous*. In two hours the Admiralty in Tokio would know how two destroyers had steamed into the roadstead at Port Arthur and disabled another Russian battleship. And when his story was given to the public, the two human instruments who had made its amazing passage possible, in all ignorance of the news itself, would probably be sitting over their charcoal fire perched on the spur of the far-off Korean rock, talking of their beautiful Japan, and comparing it with the paucity of their time-being surroundings.

O.

Blackwood's Magazine.

A TEN-THOUSAND-POUND NOTE.

One Saturday afternoon in April, Mr. James Bellamy, bank clerk, was working in his front garden at Teddington. The wind was blowing hard, and the neat flower-beds were littered with drifting paper.

"I wish people would burn their confounded waste-paper," muttered Mr. Bellamy, "instead of chucking it into my road."

He bent to the task of cleaning up, and as he crushed the scraps of paper into tight balls, he tossed each one over his front fence. Mr. Bellamy was not more consistent than his neighbors. Suddenly, in the midst of this useful labor, he stopped, while in the act to throw one of the balls into the road. He was a bank clerk, and his highly educated fingers recognized the familiar texture of that which they held. Therefore, instead of throwing the bit of paper away, Mr. Bellamy straightened it out and looked at it carefully. Then he crumpled it up again, cast it on the ground, and seized a hoe. For some minutes he worked frightful havoc among the roots of his rose-trees.

"Hullo!" he cried, staring at the ruin. "This will not do. I must be calm. Some neighbor is playing a joke upon me."

Once more he picked up the piece of white paper and went with it into his house.

"I must look into this," he murmured, smiling. "For a moment I was quite taken in. It is really a very creditable imitation."

He unfolded the banknote without emotion. "The sum is handsome," said he. "Ten thousand pounds! The joker might have made it a million while he was about it. But the joke is lost upon me. Most men, who had not been trained in a bank, would really have believed it to be genuine. That is not the case with me, for when I hold it up to the light, the imitation ——" The clerk turned pale and gasped. "Bless my soul!" he muttered. For fully five minutes he held the £10,000 note against a windowpane, and then dropped, exhausted, into a chair.

"Bless my soul!" he whispered again. "It is the real thing."

When his faculties had reshaped themselves, Bellamy was able to observe that the note had been issued by the Bank of England just three days before, and that it bore no marks of ownership upon it. Then, in order to gain time for thought, he locked the valuable document in his cash-box, and returned to his garden.

One is pained to have to record that Mr. Bellamy instantly decided to say nothing to his wife of his surprising discovery. This secrecy was due not to lack of affection, but to distrust of the female moral instinct. He felt sure that Mrs. Bellamy would give expression to an inconsiderate eagerness to discover the true owner of the note; whereas he himself, though strictly honest in all his dealings, was more than willing to give his luck a chance.

During the next few days, Mr. Bellamy's placid face gave no sign of the agitation which it concealed, and he continued to cast long columns of figures with accuracy. Habit had taught him how to fulfil his daily duties without drawing upon his intelligence, and the mind of the man was thus conveniently set free to think in the midst of his work. His experience as a bank clerk was a sound guide to him. "The chances," thought Bellamy, "are at least 1,000 to 1 that the note has been stopped, and that it is waste paper except in the hands of a *bonâ fide* holder

for value. Now I am emphatically not a *bonâ fide* holder for value. Picking up property in one's garden does not carry a title to it; such is the scandalous partiality of the law. One who picks up, say a sovereign, may keep it without much hurt to his conscience, because an unmarked coin cannot be claimed by its owner. A banknote, on the other hand, is as easily identified as a house. It is possible that even now my silent retention of this note brings me within the shadow of punishment. This is a grave matter, and from minds less far-sighted than mine the future might conceal dangers. Let me trace the probable course of events.

"As soon as the owner of the note discovers his loss he would telegraph to the Bank of England particulars of its number and date. He would then either wait for an ignorant finder to present it, and to be detained by the Bank, or he would advertise, offering a reward for the return of his property. He has not advertised in any newspaper which I have watched; therefore, he is waiting for presentation. Now, not being a fool, I shall not present it. Neither shall I attempt to send the note abroad. It is too big, ten times too big. How, then, can I make a profit out of my discovery? Clearly by myself discovering the owner, and by putting discreet moral pressure upon him in order to extract an adequate reward—say £500. I could do nicely with £500 just now. Honesty such as mine is surely worth an adequate reward."

Being satisfied of the shrewdness of this reasoning, Mr. Bellamy drew up an advertisement and sent it to several London journals, prudently avoiding that one which was commonly favored by his wife. He had doubts whether Mrs. Bellamy's untrained moral sense would grasp the commercial integrity of his plans; that she would fully appreciate the propriety of accepting a reward, when it took the desirable form of £500, he had no doubt whatever. With these subtle reasonings did Bellamy justify his secrecy.

His advertisement was ingeniously drafted. He announced the discovery in Teddington of a wandering banknote for a large amount, and he invited the owner to send full particulars for identification to "J. B." at a certain address in London. The address was that of his tobacconist. Thus he aimed at getting the name of the owner before he himself disclosed his own.

The advertisement appeared, and Bellamy awaited an answer. To his immense astonishment, not one came.

"Well, I'm blowed!" said he, after another week had passed. "This clean beats me."

A far cleverer man than our Bellamy might reasonably have felt astonishment. That a £10,000 note should wander about near London on the wings of the wind without any attempt being made by its owner to recover it was beyond ordinary British experience. There was quite an Oriental flavor about this placid indifference to legal tender.

"I am beginning to doubt," said Bellamy, after yet another blank week, "whether this amazing owner has even troubled to stop payment of his note. What is £10,000 to him! The income of a day, an hour, a minute! Let the finder keep it, and be happy! The man must be a billionaire." A momentary distrust of his own practised sense drove him to a renewed scrutiny of the note. "There is no doubt of its genuineness," he concluded. "I would accept it any day at the office, and I have been a cashier for fifteen years. It is a Bank of England note, sure enough."

The failure of his efforts to find the owner brought him some feelings of disappointment. He had reckoned to clear £500 without risk, and he not unreasonably held that five hundred

sovereigns in hand were worth twenty times that sum in paper of doubtful negotiability. "The chances," he observed, "are still heavily in favor of the note being stopped, though they are not nearly so great as they were. Why, in thunder, is not my advertisement answered?" He had friends in the Issue Department of the Bank of England, and he had some thought of getting the list of stopped notes examined on his behalf, but he shied at the risk. No issue clerk would endanger his situation to gratify the mere curiosity of an acquaintance, and Bellamy shrank from giving a better reason than curiosity. Indeed, Bellamy was rapidly finding himself in the suspicious man's dilemma—he could not move without trusting someone, and he feared that trusting anyone would take him a long stride towards a prison.

Many readers may wonder why Mr. Bellamy did not walk boldly to the Bank of England and present the note for payment. He had done no wrong. The note had been blown into his garden, and he had made a real effort to discover its lawful possessor. The spoils of discovery were then fairly his due. If the note were stopped, he could explain how he was driven to present it; if it were not, he would be the richer by a couple of hundredweight of sovereigns. There was no danger, and a prospect of vast reward! A man without Bellamy's special knowledge would very probably have taken this bold course, and, perhaps, have retired from business on the spoils of his courage. But in Bellamy, the bank clerk, knowledge was too great for such courage. He was aware that he ought at once to have carried the lost note to the Bank, explained how he had found it, and left it to the Bank itself to trace the owner. And being a bank clerk, no plea of ignorance would avail with a British jury if he sought to negotiate the note as his own. He was not a dishonest man—gold flowed through his hands every day, and not a coin had ever stuck to them—still it must be admitted that his conduct in the matter of the £10,000 note was not honest, either in that which we have told or in that which we have yet to tell. But he had only £250 a year and a rising family, and £10,000 put a heavy strain on virtue.

Mr. Bellamy found the note in April, and though all his plans concerning it were fully thought out before summer came, yet the piece of paper lay hidden in his cashbox until the last week in July. On the 25th of that month his annual holiday began. "I will run over to Boulogne for a week," said he to his wife, "and then take you and the boys to Deal for a fortnight." He embraced Mrs. Bellamy in farewell, and as her pretty eyes filled with tears at the shock of parting, his heart grew sore within him. He longed to tell her why he was going, and the risk he was about to run, but he dared not. "It is for her and the boys," he murmured, "all for her and the boys. She will forgive me when it is over."

Mr. Bellamy left London for Boulogne that evening, and early next morning Mr. George Montgomery engaged a room at the Hôtel de l'Europe. At noon on the same day, Mr. Montgomery walked to the Boulogne office of the Crédit Français and sent in a card to the manager. Instantly the manager, a fat Belgian, strongly flavored with Jew, rushed out of his room.

"My Lord," cried he in fluent English, "I grieve that you should wait even for an instant in this public office. Will milord condescend to honor my poor apartment?"

"Sir George Montgomery, Bart.," read the manager when his visitor was seated before him; "Sir George Montgomery, Bart., of Oaklands Hall, Cheshire. I await with eagerness the pro-

posals of Sir George Montgomery, Bart."

"I have not come to borrow money," said Bellamy.

"Ah, no. An English milord, of Oaklands Hall, Cheshire, in need to borrow money! I laugh."

"The deuce you do," muttered Bellamy. "Fancy running a bank to this tune. I want to pay some money in," he said aloud.

"To pay money in!" screamed the Belgian. "What condescension! What gracious patronage!"

"I wonder if all the clerks talk like this," thought Bellamy. "Thank heaven, I am an Englishman."

"And with how much of his wealth does milord deign to entrust us?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand francs," said Bellamy.

"*Magnifique!*" yelled the Belgian. "How great a people are the English!"

"Let us get to business," said Bellamy brusquely.

"Ah, milord is calm. The English are a great people. Two hundred and fifty thousand francs, ten thousand English pounds, and he is calm. Milord would speak serenely of a milliard!"

"I have come to France," said Bellamy, "to purchase certain properties, and I have brought £10,000 with me for the purpose. Now I do not care to carry this sum in my pocket-book, or to leave it at my hotel. I wish, instead, to place it on deposit with you at seven days' notice."

"At interest?" queried the Belgian sharply.

"Four per cent.," said Bellamy.

"Milord plays with us poor Frenchmen. Four per cent., and seven days' notice! Milord must be content with 3 per cent."

"Four per cent.," returned Bellamy firmly, for he was determined to play a part which made suspicion impossible.

"Three and a quarter per cent.," pleaded the Belgian.

"Four per cent.," said Bellamy.

The manager was wrapped about with gesticulations expressive of remonstrance.

Bellamy rose to go. "Please yourself, monsieur," he said; "I can deposit the money upon my own terms in Paris."

"Ah! these terrible English," groaned the Belgian. "Milord shall have 4 per cent.; but will he not concede a little in his turn? Allow us fourteen days' notice of withdrawal."

"Seven days," said Bellamy.

The manager spread out his hands in despair. "We are crushed by the English. Four per cent., and seven days' notice; what profit is there in terms like these?"

Bellamy drew out the £10,000 note and laid it on the table.

"Ah! it is all in one note." The Belgian lifted the piece of paper, and gazed at it with reverence. "What a picture, what an incomparable picture it presents! I cannot bring myself to refuse so fair a masterpiece." He scribbled a receipt, and passed it to Bellamy, who moved to leave the room. "One moment, milord. Milord will pardon me, but it is usual in cases like this to charge a small, a very small, commission to cover the cost of changing a note. Milord will pay a very small commission?"

"Not one farthing," said Bellamy.

When he reached the street, Bellamy wiped his forehead and breathed heavily.

"So that is done," he murmured. "Now if the note has been stopped, Sir George Montgomery will speedily disappear; but if not, he will presently draw a large cheque to the order of Mr. James Bellamy."

On the following morning, Bellamy, who dropped his baronetcy at the hotel doors, was sitting in the smoking-room

reading the English papers when a waiter approached him.

"Is monsieur Sir George Montgomery, Bart.?" asked the man.

"Curse the fool," groaned Bellamy as those sitting near him gaped at the title. "Why do you ask?"

"I have here a letter addressed to Sir George Montgomery, Bart., and knowing that monsieur's name——"

"All right," snapped Bellamy; "give it to me."

The note was from the Belgian bank manager, and ran as follows:

Milord,—The condescension of your visit yesterday and the brilliant flavor of your conversation rendered confused an intellect which is usually master of itself. But the genius of the English is too bright for common minds; it dazzles and blinds them, whether in the peaceful paths of commerce or on the glorious field of battle. Ah, milord, I am by birth a Belgian, and the recollection of Waterloo ever calls tears to my eyes. What genius was there in the great Wellington who led us Belgians to victory! But pause, I am now a Frenchman and so to write is treason. *Hélas!*

Your swift mind will leap to my meaning. The Crédit Français has rules, and each client, however nobly born, gives to us a reference; it is of presumption inexcusable, but I am the slave of rules. Will milord graciously favor me with the name of his English bankers?

Accept, milord, &c.

Auguste Leblanc.

The book of the English peerage called "Debrett" omits milord's honored name. How great a fault is that of M. Debrett! I laugh.

"Oh the deuce!" groaned Bellamy. "He has been looking me up in 'Debrett.' Confound the man. I had hoped he was even as complete an ass as he seemed. It's very difficult to be honest. I have swindled no man, for have I not repeatedly invited the owner of the note to declare himself? Yet it looks very much as if I shall be compelled to forge a banker's reference. Thank Heaven for one thing—I am outside the jurisdiction of the English High Court."

Sir George Montgomery, Bart. (he wrote), has received the communication of M. Leblanc, and has noted its contents. He would have supposed that £10,000 in English legal tender was a sufficient reference, especially as he was merely depositing the money for a short time with the Crédit Français. He must ask M. Leblanc to continue to hold the sum deposited to his credit until Sir George Montgomery, Bart., has communicated with his English bankers. The errors in "Debrett's Peerage" have no interest for Sir George Montgomery, Bart.

The rest of that day passed without any reply from the manager, and Bellamy felt in greater comfort. His principal object was to get the note presented to, and cashed by, the Bank of England, and he still hoped to get this done without calling in the help of forgery. Once the great question of the negotiability of the £10,000 note was determined, he did not care how soon he got quit of the Crédit Français. All this time Bellamy had looked upon his advertisement as a thing which was completely done with; but he was now to be abruptly reminded of the permanence of print.

He had instructed his wife to forward letters to him at the Poste Restante, Boulogne, and on the morning succeeding his correspondence with M. Leblanc he found a packet awaiting him at the Post Office. Among the letters was one having the appearance of a bill. He opened it in some annoyance, and then shivered with surprise and terror. For the outside cover enclosed a second envelope addressed to "J. B." "Heavens!" he wailed. "It's the billionaire at last!"

His first impulse was to destroy the letter unread; but his native honesty—and, it must be admitted, his prudence—compelled him to overcome it. The appropriation of unclaimed property was in quite a different moral category from the stealing of that which was claimed, and was besides alarmingly dangerous. And it had been made fifty times more dangerous by the steps which he had recently taken to realize the note. So he decided to read the letter, and to be guided by its contents. It ran thus:

Sir,—Your advertisement has been before us since April last, but as our client had unfortunately lost his memorandum recording the number of his banknote as well as the note itself, we were unable to establish an earlier claim to it on his behalf. He is now in possession of the number, and we are prepared to prove the following facts. On April 11 last our client, while in Bushey Park, dropped his pocket-book and a banknote for £10,000 was blown from it and could not be recovered. The note is dated April 9 and is numbered A|32,000184. We find that it has not been presented for payment. If the large note which you advertised as being found by you is the one which our client has lost, will you kindly put yourself into communication with us. We may add that our client wishes to compensate you for the efforts you have made to discover his identity, and to express his sense of your integrity in making no effort to dispose of the unclaimed property.

Your obedient servants,

Gatepaths.

"Gatepaths!" shrieked Bellamy. "And I thought to squeeze a reward out of the note's owner! I shall be lucky if I can save my own skin. One could humbug the Lord Chief Justice more easily than get round Gatepaths."

A second perusal of the letter only increased his concern. "They are soft and purring now that they believe in my integrity, but what will happen when the note is presented through the Crédit Français? Gatepaths' bloodhounds will be let loose on Sir George Montgomery, Bart., and it will take all James Bellamy's wit to save himself from arrest. The money is hopelessly lost to me, and my character will go the same way. My poor Ethel!"

Wild schemes of escape took fantastic shape in his mind. He pictured himself working a passage to South America in a cattleship, or making his way, pick in hand, to the Transvaal goldfields. His fears were so insistent that it was some time before the voice of reason could get a hearing. "Why not," spoke reason, "why not recover the note from Leblanc before it can be sent to England?"

"Ah!" Bellamy rushed to the office of the Crédit Français and beat upon the manager's door.

"Milord," cried M. Auguste Leblanc, "what happiness! I feared that, after my epistle so discourteous, milord would turn away his countenance from me."

"Quick," cried Bellamy, "I have changed my mind. I want my money back at once. Give me the £10,000 note. Quick!"

"Milord, it is impossible. Let milord pause to consider. Let——"

"Oh, stow that," roared the baronet, falling into the angry vernacular of the clerk. "Hand over my money or I will compel you to put up your shutters."

The verbose politeness of the Belgian instantly fell away from him.

"Sir," he drawled, "you forget the 4 per cent. interest—and the seven days' notice of withdrawal."

"The devil!" cried Bellamy, cursing the beautiful scheme of bluff which had pleased him so much two days earlier; "Never mind the notice or the interest. I will excuse you the interest, and give you £20 down if you will waive the notice."

"It is impossible, sir," returned the

manager coldly; "the Bank of England note has already been sent to our London office."

"When?" sharply asked Bellamy.

"By this morning's mail."

"Ah!" Then the Englishman turned on the Belgian and put forth the fiery energy of his race. "A form of withdrawal, quick." The form was produced and filled up on the instant. "Give me an acknowledgment of the notice to show to your London manager. That will do."

Before another half-hour had passed, Bellamy had packed up his bag, paid his bill at his hotel, and caught the afternoon boat for Folkestone. "It is a race between me and the Post Office," he muttered grimly, "and the betting is about even. For the Post Office has had three hours' start."

On arriving in London he was relieved to learn that the morning mail from Boulogne would not be delivered in the City until after business hours. He could, therefore, wait until the London office of the Crédit Français opened next day, and then, as he observed, "with only moderate luck I shall be able to save my character."

The London manager had just settled down to his letters when our Bellamy broke in upon him. "Monsieur," cried the visitor, "my business is urgent. Oh, you're an Englishman. That's a comfort." Bellamy's spirits rose.

The bank manager smiled.

"Sir," went on Bellamy, "after a course of French politeness the incivility of an Englishman will be inexpressibly welcome to me."

"I trust I shall not be uncivil," said the manager, laughing.

"It would seem homelike if you were. But I am taking up your time. This is my business. Three days ago Sir George Montgomery deposited £10,000 in one banknote with your Boulogne office. The terms were 4 per cent., and seven days' notice. My name is Bellamy, and I am Sir George's authorized agent. He writes that he wishes to withdraw at once the very same note which he paid in."

"That will be difficult."

"I believe not. I am instructed that the identical note is among your letters this morning."

After some search the manager found it. "You want this back at once?"

"Yes, at once. Here is the deposit receipt, signed by M. Leblanc. Here is his acknowledgment of Sir George's notice of withdrawal. And here is my authority to receive the money, signed by Sir George Montgomery."

"You will pardon me, Mr. Bellamy, but I have not the honor to know you, and the request is unusual."

"Oh, I am in the business myself," said Bellamy easily; "I am a cashier in the North-Eastern Bank. You can send round and verify my identity if you like. As for the unusual character of the request, that is Sir George's affair, not mine. I am merely carrying out his positive instructions."

"I see. Still, what about the seven days' notice?"

Inwardly reviling the barrier which his own foolish ingenuity had built up, Bellamy slowly replied:

"We will drop the interest if you will drop the notice."

"It will make rather a mess of our books."

"Will £20 make your books look better?"

"Oh, come, Mr. Bellamy, we are not such sharks as that. I am willing to oblige Sir George Montgomery; but the business would be more regular if he allowed the note to be presented, passed through our books, and credited to a current account. Then he could draw a cheque for the £10,000 at once."

Bellamy turned cold. The proposal was so reasonable and businesslike that

objection was difficult, yet the presentation of the note would ruin him.

"I can only say," he observed with a fine pretence of indifference, "that my instructions are to recover the note itself. I have not been favored with Sir George's reasons. If you like I will telegraph and put your proposal before him."

"If you will be so good," returned the manager. "In the meantime I will lay the banknote aside. In any event I could not have handed it over to you without a verification of Sir George Montgomery's signature. Shall I wire to Boulogne for this?"

"Please do so. I will call again tomorrow morning." And Bellamy went away sad at heart. His character, by which he held his situation and earned bread for his wife and children, was threatened through the formalism of a bank official who did not know, and could not be told, of the terrible stake for which his visitor was struggling. To him it seemed utterly unimportant in what form Sir George Montgomery recovered his money so long as he got it back; while to Bellamy the form was everything. He could not take to Gatepaths anything but the actual note which had been lost.

"Well, Mr. Bellamy," said the manager next day, "have you communicated with Sir George Montgomery?"

"Yes," answered Bellamy, "and he seems as set upon that note as if it was his only child."

"By the way, Mr. Bellamy, who is Sir George Montgomery? I cannot find his name in 'Debrett.'"

"The Crédit Français has a passion for 'Debrett,'" murmured Bellamy. "Ah," said he aloud, smiling, "you should ask Sir George himself. It is a subject upon which none but strangers venture. He is claimant to a dormant baronetcy, and, pending the admission of his claim by the College of Heralds, has invested himself with the title. There are lots of these claimant baronets about whom the reference books refuse to recognize. They bear the same relation to the admitted articles as 'reputed' pints do to the imperial bottles."

"That explains it; I was puzzled to account for the title. Well, I suppose that he must have his note. His signature is all right, and you are all right—for I have inquired. You will give me a receipt?"

"Willingly," cried Bellamy, and a minute later the fateful document was once more in his pocket. "At last!" cried he, and flew away in a cab to the offices of Gatepaths, solicitors.

He told how he had found the note, omitting all particulars of its subsequent adventures, and joyfully handed it over.

"Did you expect to get anything for this, Mr. Bellamy?" asked old John Gatepath. "Some men in your position might have been tempted to keep it. It has never been stopped."

"But I didn't know that," said Bellamy.

The solicitor laughed. "And if you had, you might have acted differently? Well, well, it is not fair to cross-examine you as to possibilities. As a matter of fact you have behaved most honorably, and my client has given me express directions concerning you."

"Indeed!" said Bellamy, anxiously. "He doesn't know anything about me, does he?"

"No. But he considers that the man who found his banknote, and tried to find him, and who patiently kept £10,000 in perfectly negotiable paper for three months, waiting for the owner to declare himself, deserves an adequate reward."

"Reward," muttered Bellamy, "adequate reward! It is reward enough to be able to bring it back."

"To a person of your high character, perhaps it is. Yet my client wishes to

supplement the immaterial reward of conscious virtue with something more substantial." The solicitor took a cheque-book from a drawer. "He thinks that £500——"

"It is wonderful," muttered Bellamy; "the very sum——"

The cheque was written and acknowledged, and when he went into the street Bellamy's hands were shaking. "My nerves are upset," he whispered. "I want a change."

Mr. Bellamy's family were at their early dinner when he burst in upon them.

"I am back sooner than I intended," he shouted, "and we all start for Deal this afternoon. Ethel, we will stay at an hotel the whole time, and you shall have a real holiday from housekeeping."

"But can we afford it, James?"

"Afford it!" he yelled. "Afford it! Look at that!" And he cast the cheque upon the table.

Bennet Copplestone.

The Cornhill Magazine.

FATIGUE.*

Fatigue is a phase of life to which few are strangers. That which the word denotes is an experience only too familiar to most persons, but in varied character and degree. It is a feature of perfect health, and yet is a link with disease, since it is produced with undue readiness in morbid states, and in some it constitutes a conspicuous symptom. Not only is it varied in its manifestation, but it has many-sided relations; and some of these involve considerable scientific interest. As a result of activity in the normal state, it is a part of physiology, the study of the living body in health; and as such it has been recently made the subject of much research, which has resulted in discoveries of considerable importance. It is a difficult subject for investigation, for reasons which will presently be mentioned; and it is curious that the study it has received has been chiefly at the hands of Italians. That nation has shared conspicuously the impulse to scientific research that has recently affected all civilized peoples, and has extended even to the state that is now so prominent in the eyes of the world—Japan. Italy has grand traditions to inspire her; and the degree in which she excelled in the study of life three centuries ago may have inspired the noteworthy work in physiology which her sons have lately achieved.

Contagion is not confined to disease; it is manifested also in tendencies of thought and work. The special study that has been given by Italians to the subject of fatigue seems chiefly due to the fact that one of their best known physiologists, Professor Mosso, has made it for many years a favorite subject of investigation. He has published the results of his work in many papers, and has condensed them in a small volume designed for popular consumption, which has been translated into English. But fatigue is largely a feeling, a fact of sensation; and our meagre knowledge of the processes which un-

*1 "Fatigue." By A. Mosso, Professor of Physiology in the University of Turin. Translated by Margaret Drummond, M.A., and W. B. Drummond M.B., London: Swan Sonnenschein, 1804.

2 "Weariness." The Rede Lecture, delivered in the University of Cambridge, 1893. By Professor Sir Michael Foster, K.C.B., "Nineteenth Century," September 1893.

3 "Remarks on Replies by Teachers to Questions respecting Mental Fatigue." By Francis Galton, F.R.S., "Journal of the Anthropological Institute," vol. XVIII, 1889.

derlie its sensory phenomena was admirably described by Sir Michael Foster in his Rede Lecture on "Weariness," given before the University of Cambridge. This lecture is a remarkable example of the use of simple, apt language to describe recondite scientific facts.

It is curious that a fact of life so keenly and generally felt as is fatigue should have received systematic study only in recent years. The cause of its neglect becomes perceptible when we discern how little even the latest research can teach us of the nature of weariness, how little science can add to that which every one knows by experience. We may find an inkling of this in the words we use to designate the condition. The word, "fatigue" and all its synonyms, "tiredness," "weariness," "exhaustion," and the like, are positive terms. They are designations of the definite sensation which attends over-exertion. Yet, when we think of fatigue and exhaustion, we think of the inability for further exertion which accompanies the sensation quite as much as of the sensation itself. There are thus two sides to our perception of fatigue—a positive side, the sensation of weariness, and a negative side, the diminished power of exertion. Each is prominent in our thoughts. When we speak of being "tired," we mean, generally, that we cannot go on with the effort; yet only the definite sensation finds expression in our words. "Exhaustion" is the nearest approach to a distinctly negative term we use, but this is really positive. The fact is, indeed, an illustration of the way in which all sensations dominate our thoughts and the words which convey them. Our feelings are the most definite realities to our consciousness; they govern our language and often exert a strong influence on more than our words.

Unfortunately for science, feeling or sensation for the most part eludes our grasp. The actual sensory functions of the nerves can be tested—the sensitiveness of the skin to touch or pain, of the auditory nerve to hearing, of the eye to light and color; but the multitudinous sensations of which the brain may be conscious elude the methods of scientific research even in its latest elaboration. They cannot be described in words, for our feelings altogether transcend the capacities of language; and only similes can be used, which mislead rather than inform. To this class of uncomprehended sensations belong those which are caused by over-exertion. The "feelings" of fatigue constitute an obstacle to exertion often insuperable, but their purely subjective nature makes their scientific investigation almost impossible. That which is only felt cannot be recorded, and eludes the precise observation that is necessary for accurate study.

Hence the only aspect of fatigue which is open to research is its negative nature, the diminished power which results from over-exertion. The fact that strength is lessened by continued effort, even in moderate degree, is a matter of familiar observation. Animal life sometimes affords us striking examples; and one pertinent instance is the utter exhaustion of migratory birds when they have had to fly against an adverse wind. Birds vary much in their power of long flight; and the distance travelled by swallows and swifts is less marvellous than that covered by birds such as quails, which seem to have no great strength of wing, and yet are migratory. On reaching land they are often scarcely able to move; and many fall, simply from exhaustion, to reach the shore. Carrier pigeons, which have flown long distances, present the same symptoms of exhaustion; and the effect of overwork has been found by Mosso to be shown in them by increased tempera-

ture, and even by an altered color of the muscles which move the wings.

But such observations are not definite enough for modern science. The influence of muscular exertion can be observed, measured, and recorded with precision. The aid which mechanics have given to the study of life is remarkable. It is not a jest, but a sober fact, to say that the science of physiology has been revolutionized by a revolving cylinder. Moved by clockwork at varying speeds, this simple apparatus has opened up a range of precise observation which has almost transformed the investigation of vital phenomena. To those who know anything of physiological science, the use of such an apparatus is so familiar that they have perhaps never thought of what physiology would be without it. But, if the knowledge gained by its means could be eliminated, that which remains would be little more than was perceived fifty years ago, except in the domain of the chemistry of life. It is, indeed, strange how deep a debt physiology owes to simple mechanics.

For those who are not familiar with practical physiology it may be said that the cylinder is covered with paper blackened by the soot of such a smoke as is given off by burning camphor. On this black surface, as the cylinder revolves, a white line is traced by a point attached to a lever; this lever magnifies, perhaps a dozen times, the movement to be recorded. The cylinder, about two feet in circumference, may be made to revolve once a minute or oftener, even once in a few seconds; and any process which can cause a movement can thus be made to record itself in the variation of a definite line. Two processes can be made to produce a record at the same time; and thus the interval which separates them is revealed, although it may be far smaller than could be distinguished by the eye. If twenty-four inches of paper pass beneath the writing points in a second, a difference in space of one tenth of an inch will correspond to one 240th of a second, a period far too short to be discerned by the eye. Moreover, to aid the comparison of space and time, the science of acoustics is called into service. Every tuning-fork vibrates a definite number of times in a second. It may be made to record its vibrations on the cylinder while the observations are made; and thus an absolute measure of time is written simultaneously on the blackened surface, which indicates, with perfect certainty, the interval of time to which a given space corresponds. By this means facts have been ascertained regarding every process of the animal body which can produce a movement. Even the rate of the transmission of a nerve-impulse has been measured. Although a touch, and the feeling it produces, seem simultaneous to the most careful observer, they are found to be separated by a large fraction of a second.

By an ingenious contrivance, which he calls the "ergograph," Mosso has recorded the strength exerted by the muscles which bend one of the fingers. If a weight is attached to the instrument, the exhaustion of the muscles on successive contractions can be ascertained and indicated by the height to which the weight is raised; and this is recorded by the tracing of the lever.

The gradual diminution of the strength which can be exerted, slow or quick, according to the various conditions of the body, is presented in a large series of diagrams in Mosso's book. The diminution occurs equally, whether the muscles are set in action by the will or are stimulated by an electrical shock to the nerves. The features of their exhaustion have been studied more completely by experiments on animals, in which, indeed, Mosso was long anticipated. The frog is a convenient

agent for such observations, because it will go on living for a long time after being killed. The statement may seem somewhat Hibernian; but the division of the spinal cord from the brain does not end life at once, as it would in a higher animal. The heart continues to beat and the muscles to contract, although the brain cannot act on the body, and no sensation can reach the brain. This fact is extremely convenient for physiologists. They can study many of the facts of life, and yet know that they are causing no pain, and that the will of the subject does not influence the facts they observe.

One of these facts is perhaps the most important that has been ascertained regarding the exhaustion which accompanies what we call fatigue. If the muscles of the leg of a frog, thus deprived of conscious feeling, are stimulated by electricity so as to cause contractions in quick succession, these steadily diminish in strength. The height to which the attached lever rises diminishes rapidly, as is shown by the tracing which it records on the cylinder. The diminution goes on until the contraction no longer occurs. The same electrical current passed through the nerve, which at first produced energetic movement, no longer causes contraction in the muscle. If, then, the artery of the limb is divided and distilled water is injected until it flows out freely from the veins, muscular contractions can again be obtained, and they continue for a short time. The significance of this fact is clear. Distilled water cannot renew the contractile elements of the muscle. All that it can do is, so to speak, to wash out the muscle. Hence it is certain that the cessation of the contractions, under rapid stimulation, is due not only to exhaustion of the muscle, but to the presence of something which hinders the response and can be removed by simple irrigation.

This fact makes us consider more closely what occurs in the muscle when it contracts. The manner in which these wonderful fibres of the muscular substance shorten and widen under a stimulus, is a marvel of which we understand but little. An impulse comes to them through the nerves—an impulse which may be produced by the will or generated by an electrical stimulation of the nerve; and the fibres with one accord become broader and shorter, drawing together the ends of the muscle and thus moving whatever is mobile to which the muscle is attached. By this simultaneous action, united in the vast number of fibres that compose a muscle, these microscopic bands exert a force that is marvellous. The single fibres are far too small to be visible to the naked eye, yet they are so disposed as to pass into synchronous contraction, and furnish a striking example of the way in which number replaces size. Indeed, multiplicity *is* size. Yet it needs an effort to comprehend that a collection of fibres, each comparable in dimension to a gossamer thread, just visible as it floats in the sunbeams, should be capable of raising half a hundred-weight or more.

Whence comes the energy thus exerted? The question may be unnecessary; the answer may be well known. Yet upon it depends in part our explanation of fatigue. That force which moves a weight cannot arise *de novo* is now a matter of common knowledge. It can only be produced by being transformed, by undergoing a change in its relation to matter. Radium, indeed, gives a startling shock to our conceptions, but we are beginning to perceive that it does not really disarrange our old ideas, whatever it may add to them. We can still trust our old conclusions as to the

source of muscular energy. Atoms form closer combinations. In the muscle, before it contracts, they are held apart by interatomic motion, minute in degree but vast in total amount, in the elaborate compounds of which muscle consists, and also in the oxygen which comes in the blood to the muscles. When what we call a "stimulus" acts on the fibres, the atoms composing them suddenly form closer compounds by means of the adjacent oxygen. This has a potent attraction for them, to which they could not yield until the "stimulus," as it were shaking them, set them free. Their closer union liberates the force which kept them separate. The mystery of muscle is that the released energy is so seized and united as to make the whole muscle shorten with a force proportioned to its size. We do not know how this combination of the energy released is effected; but we can see its analogy when coal-gas, mixed with air, is exploded in the cylinder of a gas engine. The atoms of coal-gas and of the oxygen of the air are kept apart by interatomic motion, "latent energy"; the spark is here the stimulus which disturbs the balance; closer combination releases the energy, and the piston is moved, while carbonic acid and water result from the union of the atoms previously kept apart.

Between this process and that in the muscle there is a wide and unbridged gulf. Yet there is an analogy sufficiently close to be instructive. The carbonic acid formed in the gas-engine would extinguish any light placed in it; through it no other spark could pass. The combination of atoms in the muscle which releases energy produces substances that interfere with a repetition of the process. They are toxic to the muscle in so far as they hinder the process which causes contraction. They result from chemical union, less direct and less close than what we call "combustion," and yet analogous. But the process takes place in the living tissue; and life shrouds with its veil of mystery all that occurs within its domain.

The hindering effect of the products of muscular action is peculiarly instructive. We can understand that their removal, even by the agency of distilled water, may enable the muscle again to respond to a stimulus which reaches it; and we can understand that, if not removed, these products hinder, in all animals, the ability to maintain continuous effort. At the same time it must be remembered that another and perhaps the most potent factor in the decay of strength caused by over-exertion is the exhaustion of the elements of the muscles from which the energy is derived. Their renewal under the influence of life is speedy, but it needs time. The quick repetition of muscular exertion does not permit the living tissues to appropriate, in adequate degree, the elements presented to them; and thus exhaustion is induced, which is the essential cause of the failure from fatigue, although its influence is accompanied, and to some extent anticipated, by the hindering effect of the products of action.

These facts enable us to understand better the sensation of fatigue, although their application has hardly yet been fully recognized by the students of the subject. They are of interest, also, as an example of the relation which one branch of science bears to another. Facts which seem isolated are found to be connected; one discovery may lead to another quite different in character. We all know that a prominent effect of over-exertion is true muscular weariness, a sensation experienced in the muscles themselves. As a feeling, this eludes investigation, as do all our pure sensations; but the discoveries of histology, the branch of science which is concerned with the

minute structure of the tissues, enables us to form a definite conception of its place of origin. All sensations due to the muscles must be conveyed by the sensory nerves which belong to them. These are distinct from the motor nerves, which convey the impulses that excite contraction. The sensory nerves pass down to peculiar structures in the muscles, which have been thoroughly studied only during the last few years. The nerves terminate in peculiar long enclosures, tapering at each end, and bounded by a definite wall. These have received the name of "muscle-spindles" from their pointed ends. Into each of these passes a contractile muscular fibre which divides within the spindle; around it the nerve ends by a peculiar arrangement of its fibrils. These nerves, passing into the spindles, seem to be the only sensory nerves of muscles, the only nerves which can carry sensations from them. The probable explanation of the function of these structures is that the contraction of the contained muscular fibre generates in the nerve fibre, by pressure on it, impulses which correspond in intensity to the degree of contraction, not only of the fibre contained within the spindle, but of the whole muscle. It has, therefore, been suggested that they are of the nature of "muscle-meters," analogous to the meters of an electrical current, which divert a small portion, and estimate it, as an index to the strength of the whole. These nerves carry all impressions from the muscles which reach the brain. If a muscle is pinched, the pain is felt in consequence of the compression of these nerves; and it is also their compression which gives rise to the intense pain of cramp. It must be through them that we receive the sensation of muscular fatigue familiar to every one as a result of over-exertion.

The fact, already noticed, that muscular action gives rise to a waste product which has a toxic influence on the fibres, affords a clue to the origin of this sensation of fatigue or weariness. The muscle-fibres within the spindles must contract with the rest of the muscle. Although motor nerve fibres have not yet been proved to pass within the spindle, yet the effect of stimulation passes along a muscular fibre, throughout its length; and thus the effect of the stimulation of the fibre outside the spindle must extend through the portion within it. The contraction here inevitably gives rise to the same waste product, with the same toxic influence. It is only through the sensory nerves of the spindle that the feeling of muscular fatigue can be perceived; and we may safely conclude that it is through the influence of the toxic product on the sensory nerve endings that the sensation of muscular weariness is produced, which so distinctly arises in the muscle. These products of muscular action can escape less readily from within the capsule of the spindle than from the rest of the muscle, and have thus a special opportunity of acting on the sensory nerves. We can therefore understand that the sense of muscular weariness persists so long after exertion has ceased. It probably lasts longer than the actual exhaustion of the muscle, in harmony with our experience that the sensation left by exertion endures after the power for renewed exercise has been regained. Such an influence may well be salutary, inducing rest until the nutritional capacity for energy is fully restored. Hence we can conceive that these muscle-spindles not only are "muscle-meters," informing the brain of the degree of contraction of the muscle, but also constitute a mechanism having the effect of a danger signal, giving warning of the need for rest, and keeping the signal up until the capacity is fully restored.

The facts of fatigue in the brain are less simple and far more difficut to investigate and understand. We cannot measure and record the power of the brain as we can that of the muscles. Prolonged exertion is known to cause analogous disability, but it may be counteracted for a time by the strange power of the nerve elements to respond to powerful stimulation, at the cost, however, of ultimate greater collapse. Before considering the features of brain fatigue, it is interesting to note the connection between muscular exertion and cerebral activity. Mosso mentions that birds at the end of a long migratory flight, when utterly fatigued, seem unable to see, or, at any rate, to perceive the nature of what is before them. They will fly against a house or rock or other object, and fall dead.

Apparently the effect of the excessive muscular effort is to lessen or abolish the sensory power of the cerebral centres. It is said that Alpine climbers sometimes remember very little of the incidents of the last part of a fatiguing ascent; in this case, however, other causes, as the state of the air, may co-operate. But it is easy to understand that prolonged muscular effort may cause grave interference with brain function. The products of muscular activity, which have such a restraining influence on the muscular fibres, pass readily into the blood, and reach all parts of the body, including the brain. The influence they have on the muscle is doubtless also exerted on the cerebral structures. The muscle substance more nearly resembles nerve tissue than does any other substance in the body; but that tissue exceeds muscle in sensitiveness to harmful substances. We can understand that the muscular products should have a similar, and perhaps greater, effect on the cerebral tissue, and that when the plasma which bathes the nerve elements is charged with these materials, the action of the structures of the brain should also be affected.

We should also remember that the muscles are excited to contraction by the brain; cerebral action is involved in all exercise, even in the work of the treadmill, and to a greater and wider degree in proportion as the muscular work needs mental supervision. School games, for instance, involve a wide range of brain activity. Most of the senses are called into action; comparison and judgment are needed, and the sources of nerve activity are more or less exhausted. The double influence of games, the demand on brain and muscle, and the hindrance to each which results from the products of their action, enable us readily to comprehend the failure of the cricketer's dexterity after a long day's play, and the inability of the schoolboy to work well after hard exertion. Indeed this lesson is one of great importance. It is not reasonable to expect mental work to be well done after exhausting muscular exercise.

Of all the processes of nature that we can study, perhaps the most mysterious are those chemical changes which occur under the influence of life. There are very few rifts in the cloud that envelops and obscures this occult interchange of material, and the energy which waits upon it. At this we have already glanced in speaking of muscular action. Some investigators believe that all chemical change, when thoroughly known, may be found to be of quite other nature, and to consist really of electrical processes. But whatever discernment may come, with the growth of knowledge, concerning physical processes, these have little relation to vital action. Electricity in relation to life is as mysterious, as dim, as any other form of force. For definite knowledge we shall have apparently to wait, and to wait long—perhaps

until we have learned whether there is such a thing as matter at all.

Meanwhile these processes which go on under the influence of life are recognizable by us only in dimly discerned outline, and in their definite results. We can perceive that all action of the nerve elements in the brain is attended by chemical change, just as is the activity of the muscular substance. The molecules composing them break up; atoms pass away in lower compounds, just as from the muscles. Energy, previously held latent, is released as nerve force, the mysterious form of energy which traverses the nerve fibres and stimulates the muscles to energetic contraction. Of its nature we know really nothing. We must conceive it to be a form of energy, most slight in absolute degree, but most potent in its effect on the susceptible structures. It is doubtful whether any measure of force is sufficiently delicate to express the degree of that which, passing down a nerve, will excite a large muscle to strong contraction. It may be no exaggeration to say that nerve force which, expressed in terms of motion, would raise a milligramme (say a grain of salt) a millimetre high (*i.e.* through a space equal to the thickness of a postcard) would suffice to excite a muscular contraction that would raise a pound weight through a foot. So great is the disproportion between the two—between the energy of the excitant and the energy liberated through its influence.

This nerve force is the most delicate of all the dynamical processes of life. It is easy to conceive that the structures that evolve it should be equally delicate in equilibrium, most readily excited, and also most readily hindered. They may thus be hindered by the presence of any substances that have a restraining effect, such as result from muscular activity, and especially by such as are formed by the action of the nerve tissue itself.

As with the muscle, so with the nervous elements; their action generates their own products hindering activity. These result from all action; in slight amount they have little influence, in greater amount they restrain. After great muscular exertion the influences of the two products, those of muscular and of nerve action, coincide. The greater delicacy of the higher structures makes them extremely sensitive to such toxic agents. The nerve substance is susceptible to many organic poisons; and this susceptibility varies even in different parts, between which our coarse methods of analysis can find no difference. Strychnia, which excites the spinal cord to intense activity, has no action on the pupil of the eye; but the pupil is widely dilated by the stimulus of a small quantity of atropin, even by the five-thousandth part of a grain, which has no influence on the spinal cord.

But in the nerve structures, as in the muscles, the exhaustion of the capacity for action must be regarded as the chief cause of the inability which brain-work itself entails. We cannot here measure the relative effect of the two influences—the exhaustion of the tissue power, which is the expression and result of true brain-fatigue, and its hindrance by the products of its own action; but one tangible proof of brain-exhaustion is afforded by the fact that brain-work lessens the power of maintaining muscular action. This fact is clearly shown by some of Mosso's observations with his ergograph. The strength of successive movements of the finger diminishes much more rapidly after energetic mental labor than under normal conditions. This can only be ascribed to a lessened degree of the nerve energy which stimulates the muscles. It is not easy to understand how purely mental work

should lessen the power of the nerve structures which have only a motor function; but the evidence that it does so is strong. We know, moreover, that the association of various parts of the brain is close. The motor and psychical functions are intimately united; and the action of each may be more necessary for the other than we can yet discern. The strength of a chain is that of its weakest link.

Diminished muscular power is perhaps the least important of the results of brain-fatigue. Those who experience these effects are chiefly brain-workers; and the indications of weariness are more direct. But they are various in their forms, protean to a degree which transcends description. They vary according to the peculiar condition and constitution of the individual; and that which arrests the labor of one person may never be experienced by another. Common to most persons, however, is a sense of diminished brain-power; the "mental grasp" is lessened, and a greater effort is needed for mental work; the memory will not respond readily in voluntary "recollection." Of this, many illustrations are given by Mosso from the experience of his medical friends as to the influence of their lectures and examination work on themselves. Indeed these experiences transcend those of our own countrymen in a degree which suggests that the Italians put more energy into their teaching than we do, and suffer from it far more. One professor who can lecture easily and happily to forty students, finds the task of lecturing to two hundred so severe a strain as to leave him utterly exhausted. The fact is described as independent of the vocal effort to reach the larger number, and as a mere result of the conscious demand of the larger audience. Most Englishmen, we think, would be stimulated by a large number of auditors in a degree that would facilitate the task, and leave them less tired at the end than they would be after driving the subject, without this stimulus, into a small number. But national temperament is responsible for many differences; and it is important that idiosyncrasies of race should not be assumed to be universal. There is a Yorkshire saying, "Don't measure my corn in your skep," the spirit of which is of wide application.

The extreme variety of the subjective manifestations of mental fatigue experienced by different persons, even of the same race, is forcibly illustrated by a collection of facts made by Mr. Francis Galton. He chose teachers as the persons most likely to give records of the signs of mental fatigue, owing to their double range of observation—on their pupils and on themselves. He obtained replies from more than a hundred, and carefully analyzed them. Some evidences of brain-weariness in pupils, which the teachers record, are to be ascribed rather to imperfect attention than to real fatigue. Restlessness is most commonly adduced as a sign of weariness; but the inattention of children, which causes their mobility, is rather to be ascribed to deficiency in the teacher than to fatigue in the pupil, as was pointed out by Sir Joshua Fitch in the discussion which followed Mr. Galton's paper. The involuntary muscular actions, which we comprehend under the term "fidgets," are natural to children; but they lessen as years go on. Mr. Galton has himself made some interesting observations on the stillness of learned audiences under a "stiff" lecturer, compared with the constant restlessness of a juvenile audience. Indeed the relation of attention to fatigue is very misleading. The concentration of the mind on a single subject prevents the perception of other sensations. These are felt if the attention is incompletely occupied; they

induce involuntary movements which are mistaken for indications of fatigue. They are no doubt signs of mental weariness, but not of true fatigue. The fact brings out the difference of meaning of the two words and shows that they are not interchangeable. We are often weary when we are not fatigued, and sometimes even because we are not.

The replies given by the teachers to Mr. Galton regarding their own sensations, and the numerous experiences collected by Mosso of the character of personal sensations produced by fatiguing brain-work, show their extreme variety. Their diversities are so great as to make their systematic study extremely difficult; and it is evident that they are largely determined by personal peculiarities. The most definite effect of excessive brain-exertion is imperfect brain-power, analogous to the diminished strength of muscle. But it has features which clearly depend on the characteristics of the individual, unsuspected until thus revealed. The most common feature is failure of memory in its voluntary use, and a weakening of that comprehensive activity in the brain which is described as the "power of grasping a subject." The defect in the volitional memory which is called "recollection" shows itself especially in the use of words, and first, of those that are more special. It often proceeds to a derangement of the secondary symbolism of writing. The writer of a letter produced during thorough brain-fatigue, who is so wise (or unwise) as to read it over, will be surprised to find that he has left out words or miswritten them. He thinks he has misspelt them, and so he literally has; but it is generally an imperfect control of the process of visualizing the letters in words, so that, of two words beginning with the same letter, the first is made to end with the termination which belongs to its successor. When there is no fatigue, such mistakes are never made. Those who never read through their letters surprise their correspondents; those who do, alarm themselves. The processes for using words as symbols of thought involve many and various forms of brain-activity which are very easily deranged. Thought is symbolized in words, and these are resymbolized in writing; the double process thus affords evidence of brain-fatigue, at once delicate and obtrusive.

When we pass to other manifestations of fatigue, we find that they largely depend on personal weakness, and we meet with many varieties which are of no general significance; they are, indeed, only important in their negative character, and their peculiarities are purely due to idiosyncrasy. For example, among the facts collected by Galton as signs of fatigue is a tendency for the letters of print to run together when the reader is tired. This is simply due to overwork in the muscle within the eye which adjusts the focus. The muscle is inherently weak in that particular individual, and it fails before other parts in consequence of general nervous fatigue; but the failure has no other significance. Other personal effects of fatigue which he mentions, such as transient color-blindness, are susceptible of the same explanation.

By far the most common effects of over-use of the brain are sensory in nature, definite "feelings." They are almost appalling in their variety and degree. The distress they cause suggests the thought that the human brain has been compelled to work too soon, before the lower functions of the nervous system have been developed enough to counterbalance the employment of the higher, so that the weight of mind is more than can be borne. The most common of these sensory effects of fatigue is headache. Common

as it is, there are many persons to whom it is unknown; and its actual origin is still a mystery. The brain can be handled and cut without pain, and yet is, in some way, the source of severe suffering in mere functional disturbance. But other parts of the body present the same strange feature. The intestines normally give rise to no sensation, and yet undue contraction causes intense agony. A healthy person is not aware that he has a delicate membrane covering the lung, called the "pleura," which is stretched when the lung expands in breathing without the least sensation being produced. But if this membrane is inflamed in what is called "pleurisy," acute pain is produced each time the breath is drawn—an experience which has been endured by the majority of persons of middle age. The occurrence of headache, of pain in a brain that seems insensitive, is thus not a unique event, and yet it is hard to understand. It is often replaced by other sensations almost as distressing. But one character of these sensations, which is a matter of common experience, is very curious; it is the sensation of "thickness" or "cloudiness" or "denseness" of the brain which results from overwork. It is a purely physical sensation, which seems to be in the brain itself, and yet it corresponds every closely to the condition of the mental processes.

These cerebral sensations which fatigue produces are almost inexplicable, but they naturally turn our thoughts to those that are felt in the muscles after much exertion, to which they bear some resemblance. We have seen that these may be ascribed to products of muscular work acting on the sensory nerves. It is reasonable to think that the brain sensations are produced by an analogous mechanism. The action of the cerebral structures must result in the formation of lower chemical compounds analogous to those which are produced in muscle. The nerve tissue is more sensitive, and must be more readily influenced. But our present difficulty is that we do not know where the perceptive element exists in the brain tissue. A few years ago, however, we did not know where the sensory element existed in the muscle; and we may hope that the mystery which has there been solved will also be made clear in the brain. In all sciences the first essential element is the discernment of facts. When these are clearly seen, our work must be guided by them; or our efforts are futile. The old saying that "facts are stubborn things" is always true. When their existence and form are discerned, all theory must adapt itself to them and explain them, or be dismissed, in Ruskin's phrase, as "thistle-down without seed."

Precise observation is however much baffled by varieties in the sensory susceptibility of individuals. It is probable that these depend on differences in the actual constitution of the nervous tissue—more minute than we can well conceive, and yet causing effects that are obtrusive. In different persons there may exist diversities of tissue which give rise to great differences in the products of action, rendering these much more harmful in one person than in another. The same diversity may render the sensory structures far more prone to disturbance, and to more distressing disturbance. Thus an original variation which, if it could be discerned, would be minute almost beyond conception, may entail a profound difference in ultimate effect. Such considerations may help us to conceive the way in which the effects of fatigue are manifested, although they constitute little addition to our knowledge.

Another class of fatigue effects can only be understood on the same hypothesis of peculiar constitution. Instances of disturbed function in the organs of

the body figure frequently among the facts that Galton has gathered from the personal experience of teachers, and that Mosso has recorded as the results of lecturing and examining, felt by himself and his colleagues. Mosso has investigated them with precision; but he has ascertained little more than the fare facts. The action of the heart, the functions of the stomach, and the work of the liver and other organs, are disturbed in various ways; and even the temperature of the whole body is sometimes altered by hard mental work. But such derangements of organs produce their own independent effect; they act especially on the blood, and thus prolong the discomforts due directly to fatigue. One great function of the liver is to eliminate the harmful products of muscular action; and whatever interferes with this process augments the amount of toxic substance in the blood.

It may be reasonably asked, What is the relative importance of the signs of brain-fatigue? We cannot doubt that any indication of failure of brain-power transcends all others in absolute importance. The physical sensations that occur are of slight and merely personal significance compared with defects of memory, of concentration of thought, or of the use of the muscles for such processes as writing. But, to the individual, the varied sensory disturbances which are produced by overwork are equally important, because they are equally distressing. They tend to grow by the fostering effect of repeated production; and those which are of no intrinsic significance may, by the distress they cause, be utterly disabling.

Another question often asked is, What amount of truth is there in the familiar doctrine that fatigue is prevented by change of work? If only the work is not too heavy, we can discern the reasonableness of this belief. Any special form of mental occupation involves the use of the nerve structures in a definite degree and a particular combination. Even the nerve elements in the same region of the brain may be active or not, intensely energetic or slightly active, according to the precise character of the cerebral process. All functional action stimulates nutrition, and is definitely beneficial, provided it does not exceed a moderate degree. Indeed, absolute rest is apparently unknown to the elements of the nervous system. They are in constant, gentle, unperceived activity. In all parts of the body, on the surface and in the internal organs, impressions are constantly arising, for the most part unperceived, which cause activity of the afferent nerves and of their related central structures, processes which spread widely, even to the motor structures and the motor nerves, and maintain the muscles in their state of firmness or tone, itself essential for the muscular nutrition. This constant activity entails nutritional changes in the elements, necessary for the maintenance of their normal state. Their constituent atoms are always passing away, and always being renewed; were it not so, it would be impossible for them to pass into the state of energetic action that may be evoked at any moment. These changes seem to be the nutritional counterpart of the gentle action we can discern; and both are essential for the life of the structures. Their increase within moderate degree by work involves increased nutritional change, a greater vital efficiency. A different form of mental work may thus involve the gentle activity that is conducive to better replacement of old constituents by new, and may thus promote the general well-being of the brain.

Moreover we can discern another reason for the beneficial influence of the change of work. By a wonderful

mechanism, which we imperfectly comprehend, all functional activity is attended by an increased blood-supply. The minute vessels which convey the blood dilate; and more blood passes to the acting tissue than to one that is quiescent. Hence there is a more abundant supply of the nutritive plasma, which passes from the vessels to the tissues laden with fresh material from which the nerve elements appropriate what they need. But the arrangement of the vessels which convey the blood bears only a very general relation to the functions of the brain. In the same part different layers of the brain may have different functional relations; they may be involved in very different degrees in various forms of brain activity; yet the dilatation of the vessels and the increased blood-supply involve them all alike. The increased flow of the blood, and increased access of the elements essential to replace those which are lost in action, involve an augmented supply to all the tissues in that region, to those which have been only slightly called upon as well as to those which are more or less exhausted. On the other hand, the work of the tissue means an escape of its used-up elements, and a need for their removal, as well as for the fresh supply which the increased flow of blood affords. Thus we can understand that the old belief has a distinct and intelligible foundation. A different form of activity may leave the exhausted elements almost at rest, and yet aid the renewal of their lost material and promote the removal of the waste products.

The same considerations apply to muscular exercise in even greater degree. Although the region of the brain chiefly employed may not be the same, all parts share such activity; and for all parts the blood supply is augmented, not only as a result of functional activity, but as the effect of the stimulation of the whole circulatory system which physical exercise involves. The heart beats faster; and the respirations, being quickened, augment the supply of oxygen which the muscles demand but which goes also to the whole system. The purer the air inspired, the greater is its beneficial influence; and hence the advantage of exercise in the open air. But, to be useful, exertion must be moderate. In excess, as we have seen, the brain is hindered by the products of its own action, as well as by those of the muscles; for all physical effort involves corresponding activity of the motor centres in the brain.

We are accustomed to talk of "recreation" without discerning how much the word implies. It means "making again" that which work has undone, or rather facilitating the marvellous recuperative power of life. Rest and recreation are the antidotes of fatigue; but recreation should be such as to deserve the name. It does not replace rest, but, properly employed, aids its influence. Its value is great in proportion as it involves a thorough change in the character of nerve activity. But it should always be remembered that no recreation is possible if that which is thus designated simply replaces one form of fatigue by another form. Many a holiday is rendered useless by such disregard of the dictates of that rare practical wisdom to which, as if in irony, we apply the designation "common-sense."

W. R. Gowers.

The Quarterly Review.

A VISIT TO SASEBO—THE NAVAL HOSPITAL OF JAPAN.

Sasebo is the chief naval base of Japan, being possessed of a large, deep, and completely land-locked harbor, closely surrounded by fortified hills. The mouth of the harbor opens deviously and picturesquely on the west coast of Kiushiu, the first island a ship touches in coming up from Shanghai or across from Chifu, Tientsin or Port Arthur. It is at most, therefore, only two days' journey for the sick and wounded of Admiral Togo's fleet, to be comfortably transported in the *Kobe Maru* or the *Saikio Maru*—the hospital ships belonging to the Japanese Navy—to the ample comfort and professional skill of Surgeon-General Totsuka and his base-hospital at Sasebo. The traveller, however, reaches it only by a five hours' journey northward from Nagasaki or seven hours' down from Moji, in the Straits of Shimonoseki, and then he is admitted only as an exceptional favor with a permit from the Minister of Marine at Tokyo. Sasebo, moreover, is under martial law, and every foreigner on the railway is closely cross-examined by the police. Few foreign visitors have visited the town, but amongst them must be reckoned the crews of a good many British colliers, twelve of which were in harbor on the day of the visit described in this article. The other chief naval stations and the only other naval hospital of importance are in the Inland Sea, the hospital with thirty beds being at Kuré, where the first two ironclads built in Japan have recently been laid down, a large naval station, situated an hour by boat or rail south of Hiroshima. Hiroshima, on the other hand, three days' journey by sea from Port Arthur, is the chief military medical base, with hospitals for 4000 sick and wounded, from which the slighter cases and the convalescent are drafted on to Tokyo or Osaka, while the Russian prisoners are taken straight to the equally admirable hospital and prison quarters at Matsuyama in the island of Shikoku, which closes in the Inland Sea from the south.

The essential feature of the work at Sasebo naval hospital is that 90 per cent. of the cases of ordnance-wounds are inflicted by shell and not by bullet. Here then, for the first time in history, the science of shell-wounds is being studied under good modern conditions. For in South Africa hardly 5 per cent. of wounds, even early in the war, were inflicted by shell, and these were scattered up and down the country through a dozen different hospitals, so that a concrete study of their peculiar features was impossible. In the Spanish-American and Chinese wars there were few casualties from artillery, and earlier wars are of as little use to the modern surgeon as to the modern officer of artillery. During the first six months of the present war 180 cases of naval shell-wound had survived to reach Japan. The report, therefore, of the medical department of the Japanese Navy at the conclusion of the war will make a definite addition to surgical science. It will be of all the greater interest in that the three surgeon-generals of the navy know English well, and will, it is to be hoped, issue a report in our language on the precedent of their valuable report after the war with China in 1894. The Director-General, Baron Sareyoshi, was educated at St. Thomas's Hospital, and is a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. In both of these spheres he is on common ground with Surgeon-General Totsuka, and with one of his predecessors, Dr. K. Takaki, who

at the age of twenty-five became Director-General of the Medical Department of the Navy, improved the rice-diet, and stamped out the scourge of beri-beri from the ships by introducing a thorough system of sanitation. The Director-General ranks as a vice-admiral, with two small stars on a broad gold stripe down the shoulder-strap. The other two naval surgeons-general rank as rear-admirals, with one star on a small stripe of gold; and medical officers of lower degree are called doctor, rank with captains, commanders, and lieutenants according to seniority, and wear the corresponding marks of rank.

The difference between explosive shell-wounds and bullet-wounds is absolute. The effect of the bullet depends upon what important structure it may strike—bone, nerve, artery, or internal organ. If it pass through flesh only and strike no such structure, and if the wound be kept clean from the first, the patient is perfectly recovered in a few days, the wound healing by primary intention. The effect of the explosive shell, on the other hand, is a laceration. The wounds of those who survive to reach Sasebo are either surface wounds or mutilations of a whole limb. The treatment is usually that of any other surface injury, or else amputation. Shrapnel wounds take an intermediate position. They are caused by half-inch leaden balls, scattered in large numbers in various directions on the bursting of the case; and owing partly to their comparatively small momentum, partly to their rough, leaden surface, partly to their having no screw-like rotary motion, which gives to the rifle-bullet its great penetrating power, and partly also to the particles of sulphur in which they are embedded in the case, they frequently remain in the body of the patient they hit, and introduce sufficient contamination to set up suppuration, abscess, and occasionally blood-poisoning. Put tersely, then, the bullet-wound is a shot through a roomful of machinery; the shell-wound is an explosion in or near the machine house; the shrapnel is a lucifer match thrown in through the window.

Cases of gun-shot or shrapnel wound in the navy of to-day must almost invariably indicate fighting on land, and these cases at Sasebo were incurred by men landed from the ships to assist in the fighting round Port Arthur. It is seldom now that men-o'-war approach each other near enough to make it worth their while to fire shrapnel. For the object of shrapnel is to kill or wound men, not to injure ships, and the aim in modern fighting on sea is essentially to sink or damage ships. In Nelson's days naval battles were necessarily at close quarters, and it was an attainable object to sweep the decks and to tear the sails and rigging with musket- and grape-shot and with cannon-ball, so as to deprive the ships of all control. Now with torpedoes and long-range rifled guns, with machinery instead of sails, and the whole protected in armor-plated bulwarks, conning-towers, barbettes, or 'neath decks below the waterline, the only methods of disabling a ship are to ram, to torpedo, or to breach the steel protection and damage the contents with heavy shell. Wounds on board ship, therefore, are usually the result of ragged splinters and sections of shell, although torpedo-vessels, with plating only three-sixteenths inch thick, offer little protection to their crew, and may occasionally be subject to raking shrapnel-fire.

The only case of shrapnel-wound that detained us at Sasebo was that of a man hit a fortnight previously in the fighting round Port Arthur, in which the shrapnel-shot passed in behind the shoulder and lay buried there. It was extracted, and the patient was in a

fair way to recovery. Another shrapnel-shot had passed through the flesh in front of his elbow, without touching bone, nerves, or artery, and had made its exit without causing any serious damage. There was not a single case in the hospital of a penetrating wound of the abdomen. Head wounds were limited to wounds of the scalp or fracture of the face-bones. There was one case in which a depressed fracture of the skull had been successfully treated by operation.

During the first six months of the war there had been two cases of chest-wound, in which bullet or shrapnel had remained in the chest and were extracted, two or three in which they had passed in and out again.

The other cases noted were all of limb-wounds. G. Ishii, of torpedo-boat No. 67, had been severely wounded by shell in the month of May. A photograph showed clearly what his original condition had been, with the humerus broken, nerve severed, causing paralysis of the hand, and a gaping wound a foot long on the outer side and back of the arm. Amputation had been necessary; and now, early in August, the man was sitting up comfortably in bed with the wound healed, waiting for his artificial limb. One other case of a stump after amputation was pointed out. The leg had been well amputated through the knee-joint, and the artificial limb, light and well made, with good thigh-piece, waist-belt, knee-, ankle-, and foot-joints complete, had just been tried on for the first or second time. These limbs were presented by the Empress, and are made, of course, in Japan, whose carpenters, joiners and cabinet-makers are perfect craftsmen, especially in bamboo. But very few cases had been serious enough to need amputation, from which fact two inferences may be made, firstly that few hopeless lacerations of a limb survive, and secondly that conservative surgery is now an attainable ideal in almost all cases that reach hospital. The myth that surgery on the battle-field consists of amputation and ligature of arteries is fully exploded.

Five fatal cases had occurred in the hospital during the first six months of the war. Deaths, it is commonly understood, are now of rare occurrence on the surgical side of a military or naval hospital, a change due to Lister's and Pasteur's work. And the further removed a base hospital is from the scene of operations the more complete should be the sifting out of serious cases before the remainder are sent down the line or across the sea to the base. But this is less so on sea than on land; for the wounded at sea find the analogue of a field hospital in their hospital ship, which might just as well convey them to the base as remain with them in the neighborhood of naval operations. Indeed, hospital ships and hospital trains might well be equipped and scheduled as mobile field hospitals; and the twenty luxurious hospital trains on the Russian side in Manchuria are so equipped, with operating rooms, baths, kitchen, and full quarters for a full staff as well as for no less, on the Czarina's magnificent train, than 200 lying-down and 200 slighter cases, as compared with the hundred odd that were taken by each of our five hospital trains in South Africa. Thus one of the patients who died at Sasebo, M. Ono of the *Fuji*, was able to be transported by ship, although suffering from a shell-wound in both legs, resulting in double gangrene and death. If anything could have saved him, it could have been done in transit in the operating theatre of the *Saikio Maru*.

Shell-wounds, then, are mostly lacerations of the soft tissues. But there is another effect which comes into increasing significance with modern artillery. When a shell bursts, all men within a radius of several yards are

in severe danger of burns from the explosion. When watching the two days' artillery duel of Ta-shih-chiao, the junction of the branch line from Newchwang with the main Siberian Railway, on July 23 and 24, every explosion towards dusk seemed to us, fifteen miles away, as a flash of light half as high as the hills on which it exploded and as broad as it was long. Although the duration of this light cannot have been one-fifth of a second, yet its brilliancy and extent suggest the injury it may inflict. At Sasebo they have had a large number of cases in which burns have complicated wounds or have constituted the sole injury. These burns are clean, at least to the naked eye, and not of great depth; they are treated like ordinary burns, and redressed with aseptic gauze every other day. They have healed well, and so far there had been no case of complication or after effect. The scar is simply lighter in color than the surrounding skin.

One man who had suffered from clean cut wounds, now healed, behind the elbow and shoulder, had probably been struck by shrapnel. He belonged to the *Shikishima*, and was one of the many hundred who volunteered, and of the few who were selected, to take the six tramp-steamers into the mouth of Port Arthur harbor, and to sink them there in a perfect typhoon of artillery from ships inside and forts above. He survived, however, to be nursed by Mrs. Totsuka, wife of the Surgeon-General, as a photograph shows. This lady wore the serviceable white uniform of all who nurse under the Japanese Red Cross. The female nurses employed in the military and naval base hospitals and ships—for none go out to Manchuria—are all engaged and paid by the Red Cross Society of Japan. Many Japanese ladies are also in this war for the first time admitted to help in the work, although their untrained assistance is now restricted to the rolling of bandages and the preparation of first-field dressings, little packets that are sewn into the tunic of every soldier when he goes on active service. The social importance of this development can hardly be appreciated in England. Nursing in Japan has long been a tradition of Japanese women, but of women only of the lower classes. Considering that the feudal system was abolished only thirty-six years ago it is not surprising to find that hitherto there has been little mixing of the classes. For the last ten years, however, the Ladies' Volunteer Nursing Association, working under the control of the Red Cross Society, has been busily engaged in raising the credit of the nursing profession. Every day of the week the ladies of Tokyo work at the Red Cross Hospital, Europeans one day, Japanese five days a week; and it was an interesting sight on a fine July afternoon to see fifty of them of all ranks—from the Princess Nashimoto and Baroness Nobeshima, her mother, downwards—in their white cotton uniforms and caps busily engaged in rolling bandages. Twenty thousand of these bandages had recently been sent out on the *Hitachi Maru* and sunk by the Vladivostock squadron; but the ladies with characteristic courage set to work now at seven o'clock each morning to roll 20,000 more bandages—a somewhat typical incident in the present war.

It was interesting again to attend a meeting of Japanese ladies at the Red Cross Depôt on July 1, where upper and middle classes met to be instructed in bandaging the dummy by a retired white-bearded army doctor. A roof and a raised floor; a crowd of Japanese ladies in their sober mauve or gray native costume standing round the easel, blackboard and dummy; the quiet, conventional garden outside; the alcove in which three of the Princesses sipped tea afterwards with a lady in

waiting, and shook hands with the foreign visitor; the court ladies talking freely with all comers when the demonstration was over; the delicate models on a side-table of every kind of improvised stretcher and apparatus for carrying the sick and wounded,—such a scene could not fail to strike the least vivid imagination with a sense of its many-sided importance.

The Red Cross uniform for nurses is simple, clean and neat, consisting of a white cotton overall, tied with a cotton sash round the waist, and a high starched cap, which, although not becoming, has the merit of confining those stray locks that prove a source of anxiety to the aseptic surgeon. This cap usually bears over the forehead the distinguishing mark of a plain red cross. There are no English nurses in the Japanese hospitals, and none are wanted. One English lady—a British officer's widow—has contrived in her enthusiasm to be employed in elementary work at Tokyo. Fifteen American nurses, headed by Dr. Miss Gee, found employment at Hiroshima. But the difference of language, custom and food entail endless complications; and, except in scientific knowledge, which can only be gradually and systematically acquired, the westerners have not much to teach the dainty-fingered, patient, light-hearted little nurses of Japan. The Red Cross Society numbered on its books this summer 2391 nurses, 717 male attendants, and 150 stretcher-bearers; and more are by now without doubt under training, sufficient for all probable demands. Moreover, it must be remembered that the Japanese work willingly for almost double the 8½ hours' day which is considered the proper limit even in a London general hospital; and finally the Japanese nation have every desire to carry this war through to a successful termination with their own unaided resources, for the sake of the national credit.

The same reasons apply equally to the question of medical aid. An offer made to the Japanese Government in August last to raise and bring out to Japan a band of young surgeons from England, to be supported probably by a charitable fund in this country, as was done from a fund raised by the *Daily Chronicle* in the Turco-Greek War, was declined with thanks, on the score of such help not being required. The reasons given above were doubtless largely responsible for this decision.

This hospital at Sasebo of 600 beds, early in August only half full, is built in ten pavilions of light gray wood, plastered on the inside, roofed in gray tile, simply floored in plain wood, standing two feet above ground on brick foundations, and connected by raised wooden corridors with overhanging roofs and wooden sides up to three feet from the floor. The spacious operating theatre, simply built with a proper view to light, space and cleanliness, measures 20 feet by 30, with walls 12 feet high and the uncelled roof rising another 8 feet to the centre of the room. Commendation of a cheap theatre may perhaps be challenged; but there is without a doubt much to be said in favor of simplicity in theatre construction, seeing that, so long as dust and rain are excluded, surgical infection can only arise from unclean hands, unclean ligatures or unclean dressings. If this be admitted, it is best to have a cheap theatre, which can be replaced at slight cost, to meet the varying needs of successive surgeons, and the successive stages of surgical opinion, and can be multiplied so as to permit of each surgeon having his own theatre, as he has his own wards. On this view it is wanton waste to spend money on marble halls, with complicated patent tables and regal fittings, as is too often the case in English hospitals, a relic of the early

days of the Listerian era, when hospital gangrene was the chief foe of every hospital surgeon. The simpler type of theatre is that which, with the partial exception of two in the University Hospital at Tokyo, is universal in the poor and practical country of Japan. Sweet are the uses of adversity.

The methods of the Japanese surgeons are those of the most advanced modern surgery all the world over. For years they have been trained mainly by Japanese and German professors, have been obliged to learn one foreign language, the one chosen being usually German, and have been encouraged to visit the German hospitals. They show therefore the faults as well as the virtues of German methods. The operative surgery in each hospital is all done by the best surgeon, and not, as in our better London system, by many rising surgeons and capable students under the supervision of the chief surgeon, a system which trains many men to the best work, and is probably to the actual advantage of the patients. The Japanese surgeons again follow the extreme modern school, whose confidence in their ability to exclude all sources of contamination from a wound is such that they employ no antiseptics; but to this end they have to boil even the tap-water in which they wash their hands. Experience however seems to show, in Japan as in England, that this confidence is not justified. One of their hospitals, at least, has had more than its fair share of suppuration. In other words, the Japanese, in this as in most departments of modern knowledge, have adopted the most apparently thorough method known in Europe; and they lack as yet the experience which may show them, as it has shown us, where it is defective and must be helped out by the older method, the use of antiseptics.

A shipload of patients had just been admitted, and we went into the dressing-room to see the wounds being carefully examined, diagnosed and recorded. Thoroughness and care were again the dominant notes. Everything was done promptly and efficiently, without the least bustle, worry, or assertion of authority. Discipline in Japan is an instinct. The Roentgen-ray room was well fitted up, without superfluous complications, and it was a fascinating pleasure to watch the gentleness of the nurses in arranging and supporting the crippled limbs and patients for examination.

A large amount of the work of a naval hospital even in war time results from accidents on board ship, crushes, lacerations from machinery or falling spars, engineering tools, and parts of guns. This affords therefore a good experience in fractures, in which it is noteworthy that Dr. Totsuka has almost abandoned the custom of operation much favored by many advanced European surgeons. The best splint-apparatus, however, is apparently unknown, although in common use in London.

The medical side of the hospital was of little interest. The infectious ward was empty. Most of the cases were those of diseases common in peace time; there were six of typhoid fever, a few of mild dysentery, and the usual proportion of internal disorders. Nursing—the most important agent after general health in the treatment of disease—appeared to be good, the staff consisting of six male attendants under one chief attendant for each ward, except in the case of the two big pavilions erected by the Red Cross Society, in each of which thirty-six patients, twelve of them in five or six small rooms at the end, were nursed by a Red Cross Sister and ten nurses, who sleep in a house outside the hospital. In all the hospital contained cubicles for twenty officers, besides six private

officers' rooms. The medical staff consists of twelve surgeons, and their hours now during the war are from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. on all days, without any interval or remission, however easy the work may be. Much of their time is spent in the common-room; but the regulation induces many officers to find useful work to do that otherwise would not be done.

This rough sketch of the naval hospital at Sasebo will hold good also for the military hospitals of Japan, and will give a fairly representative idea of the principles that pervade the medical work both of their army and navy. They have little more to learn from Europe, except the advantage of decentralizing responsibility, to which reference has already been made in regard to the surgeons; they have at least one supreme lesson to teach Europe and ourselves, in their absolute devotion to their work, their unprejudiced survey and adoption of the world's knowledge, and the confidence that such knowledge, systematization and devotion have conferred upon them.

Francis E. Fremantle.

The National Review.

MANDELL CREIGHTON.*

"I learned much history at a Board of Guardians," is a remark of Creighton's, printed in this excellent biography, which gives a good deal of the secret of his development. He was not one man as a student, another as a teacher, a third as an ecclesiastical statesman, a fourth as a Christian. Every part of his activity was pervaded by a single aim. There were no water-tight compartments in his mind. Everything he learnt as a parish priest at Embledon helped to widen and deepen his historical sympathies; every hour of historical research helped him to form his judgments in regard to modern problems as practical difficulties.

The one aim of which we spoke is easily discovered from a perusal of his letters.

"Our life is the development of our personality." "To me the one supreme of human life is, and always has been, to grow nearer to God; and I regard my own individual life as simply an opportunity of offering myself to Him." "All that a man is, he is to himself and God. His work is in himself; all else is accidental. Life seems to me to consist in becoming more than in being, and in being rather than doing."

And this from a man whose amazing energy, both practical and speculative, wore him out in his prime, although he gave to the world the imperishable possession of his memory, and the inspiration of a mind and heart always on fire for the highest; alive to the greatest principles as well as the smallest details of things; as happy romping with children as in discussing the merits of George Sand, or the doctrine of Indulgences.

Mrs. Creighton's biography draws all the threads together, and will afford to many who did not understand him the true presentment of one who was emphatically the Great Bishop of London. I do not speak of his achievements in regard to ritual difficulties, though these were by no means small, and brought out all that combination of tolerance, patience, and strength, which was so eminently his characteristic. Yet the measure of his success was only surpassed by that vital hold on

* "Life and Letters of Mandell Creighton, Sometime Bishop of London." By his Wife. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

principles, and apprehension of the true mission of the Church of England, which are likely to bear fruit in the far future. But neither administration nor conflict were more than the occasions of his activity. His enduring gift to London and to the world was himself. He solved in his own person the problem which is in the mouths of many, and the hearts of nearly all, who live in the modern world. Is it possible to be a Christian, and in any real sense imbued with the intellectual ideals of modern culture? That a man may be very learned, and even very thoughtful, and yet a Christian, can only be denied by those persons whose original criterion starts from the assumption, conscious or unconscious, that nobody but a fool is a believer. But the interests of men like Maurice, or Lightfoot, or Cayley, were predominantly theological, or historical, or mathematical; and, great as these men were, and fruitful as were and will be their ideas, they did not in themselves afford a solution of the problem, which presses more nearly to the hearts of men, than ecclesiastical circles often admit.

Now, Creighton, so far as one man's life can, afforded a solution of this problem. He was a man soaked in the atmosphere of the modern world, who took one of his guiding principles from Goethe, who read the fiction of five nations, who studied the outgrowth of the modern from the mediæval world, as few Englishmen have done. His passion for knowledge was inexhaustible. His reverence for intellectual freedom and political liberty was apparent in every speech he uttered—"almost a craze for liberty," he said himself. He was one of the earlier supporters of "Wagner"—the very symbol of nineteenth century culture. He never wrote a line, or uttered a sentence, without exhibiting the power of intellect guided by purpose to wrest some secret from the recesses of human nature or social life. He understood politics better than most statesmen, and art more deeply than many a critic; and of the literature of European culture since its infancy was a master and an admirer. Here was a man who combined in a unique degree scholarship and culture, the knowledge of the past with sympathy for the present and hope for the future; and, to these intellectual achievements (*not* gifts), added a practical capacity which might be the despair of the organizer. And yet this man, because he felt that scepticism "narrows the real problem, refuses to face the actual facts," and owing to his belief that "the great question about oneself is the formation and nurture of this central point of our being, this personality," was driven to assert that "Christ stands the central point of personality," that Christ was "the light of *the world*, not only of the Church." As he says in the same letter:—

> Relationships founded on a sense of lasting affection are the sole realities of life. This is obvious; it is the burden of all literature. It leads straight to Christ. Faith is personal trust in a person.

And again:—

> "Outward things, systems, doctrines are only useful as they keep open the way to Jesus, and point to Him, as the one object of the soul's desire."

This is the fundamental secret of Creighton's life—obscured for many by his brilliance and paradox, and for others by his hatred of sentimentalism.

It is to be observed that this cuts both ways, and that Creighton's whole position, founded on the reality of self, would have been opposed to those extreme forms of altruism, often mistaken for Christianity, which merge the individual development entirely in social improvement, and are logically only

tenable by disbelief in immortality. Far too many people nowadays are under the delusion that, whatever be his creed, Tolstoy, in his ethics, is fundamentally Christian. All the many letters of Creighton's, bearing on his inner life, ought to be read and pondered by those of his admirers—neither few nor foolish—who admire him with reservations, and wonder how so great a mind could be Christian. It is not merely that Creighton accepted Christianity apart from his intellectual life; the point is, that they were intimately united, and that the strength of his judgment and the breadth of his sympathies are directly due to his faith in Him, Who said: "I have come that they might have life, and might have it more abundantly."

This is a fact. It must be explained by those who hold opposite views. Creighton puzzled the world when he was alive. It is to be hoped that the contemplation of his personality, at last fully expressed, will go on puzzling it—and will be a source at least of enquiry to those who want to know how culture in its completest sense is compatible with Christianity, no less than of warning to those many Christians who misconceive their faith.

This is, I think, the supreme lesson of Creighton's life: "The end of man is the development of his character," as Humboldt said; this is only possible through a life in which love is the ruling principle, inspiring mind as well as heart; and to talk of love without an eternal object is impossible. Love is the evidence of religion; and its analysis is its true apology.

But, of course, there are many other points. His sense of the supreme value of knowledge, and the difficulty of attaining it, is only too much needed in a world which finds its daily food in *The Daily Mail*, and seeks its philosophy in lady novelists. It is, again, in Creighton's own life that we see exemplified the value of knowledge. Perhaps his most remarkable quality was his amazingly wise judgment—the result, it is clear, of the severe systematic study by which alone he disciplined with enduring strength an intelligence whose quickness might easily have degenerated into mere dilettantism, and its acute insight into cynicism. These volumes afford ample proof that Creighton did not become what he was without an effort long and continued, and that mere cleverness and mental alertness would of themselves have no more saved him, than they do others, from frittering away his abilities into futility, or sharpening his wits merely into censoriousness. To those who saw Creighton only in the full maturity of his splendid gifts; who observed his strange intellectual serenity and his subtle moral force, exercised without appearance of struggle or *arrière pensée;* who perceived his amazing grasp of every kind of work at once, leaving him still an unclouded brain; who heard the judgment, calm and unprejudiced, of a mind whose powers seemed almost miraculously balanced, it may well have seemed that he was what he was by grace of nature, and that he was so great because he could not help himself. Far from it. Even at the end of his life, there is an interesting piece of self-revelation in a letter to his daughter. He discusses whether he ought not to adopt the conventional pomposity of the Anglican episcopate.

> If you are going to be yourself, you must pay for it; but ought a bishop to have anything to pay? Of course he must have something; but can I struggle on in the effort to educate people at large? This frequently comes into my mind. Ought I to get rid of myself and become dull and solemn?

There are other similar touches, as where he laments in early life his inability to resist the "temptation to be

worried and pressed." This alone is proof that it was only by severe struggle that he acquired that marvellous leisure of mind which in later years, amid a thousand pre-occupations, always enabled him to listen to anyone who had anything to say to him, and led him to tell one of his clerics: "I'm never busy," in the midst of a rush of business which would leave most men stupefied. Again we find him, in early life, lamenting his lack of intellectual large-heartedness. Such a lament seems almost incredible to those who reflect on the width of his sympathies and the depth of his tolerance. But he was right. Little as he changed in essentials, it is clear that his breadth of sympathy came to him, not easily, but only because he strove so hard to acquire it. "The perfection of character by effort" is, in fact, the message of his life to other workers, not the conquering of success by original genius. It is a great boon that Mrs. Creighton should have taken off the veil of reserve which hid from many his moral struggles, no less than his religious feeling. The greatness of Creighton is not the greatness of a man like Sheridan, whose brilliancy of intellect triumphed in spite of moral limitations, accepted without resistance. It is the greatness of one whose peace of mind was at all times assured by his faith, but whose outward activity was an unceasing and laborious effort to deepen his sympathies, to annihilate his defects, not to rest satisfied with either the knowledge or the power of the moment.

"The most alert and universal intelligence in the island," said Lord Rosebery. It was true; and the reason is to be found, not so much in his native talents, dazzling though they were, as in the untiring strength of will with which he strove to understand all points of view, to discover the real meaning of every kind of fact that was presented to his eyes, and, above all, to get into personal sympathy with every human being with whom he had to do. He did not find this easy. The greatness of his life is the greatness of a man whose sympathies and interests were always widening, because he strove against every kind of narrowness; because he was ruled by a fundamental humility of spirit which strove to discern in every mind, however stunted, something of the Divine, and to bring out of every character, however meagre, that element in it which God must love.

J. Neville Figgis.

The Independent Review.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

THE "PIED-A-TERRE."

Mrs. Torr to Mr. Cyril Ashlar.

The Eyrie, Welwyn.

Mrs. Torr presents her compliments to Mr. Ashlar, and would be very glad if he would make out for her some simple plans, in his charming characteristic way, for a small cottage in the country which Mrs. Torr is thinking of building. To have some such *pied-à-terre* is so sweet. The total cost should not be more than £800. Mrs. Torr would like Mr. Ashlar to follow the lines of the cottage which he designed for Mrs. Prole, with whom Mrs. Torr is staying. It was, in fact, Mrs. Prole who gave her Mr. Ashlar's name as the very best architect for the purpose.

Mr. Ashlar to Mrs. Torr.

Dear Madam,—I shall be pleased to make the designs which you suggest in your letter, upon hearing from you with regard to one or two points. In the first place I must say that to follow the lines of Mrs. Prole's cottage would not be very easy, as you limit me to £800, whereas Mrs. Prole's cottage cost £3000. Again, I should like to know something of the situation, whether on the flat or on a hillside, and the nature of the country—sand or chalk, for example. Also the number of rooms. Perhaps it would be as well if one of my clerks were to come down to Welwyn and talk the project over before we proceed farther. Awaiting your reply, believe me,

Yours faithfully,
Cyril Ashlar.

Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.
Bony's Hotel, Matlock.

Dear Mr. Ashlar,—Your letter is a great surprise to me. I had no idea that cottages could be so expensive as Mrs. Prole's seems to have been; nor do I understand how so much money was spent on it. I am sure my bedroom was bare enough. I always thought that cottages cost only a few hundreds. It would be charming to see your clerk, but at present I have nowhere to receive him, being but a bird of passage, and the situation of the little *pied-à-terre* is still undecided. I was thinking of Norfolk, near Sandringham. Could you not design a cottage that might be put up just anywhere, on any soil, and then when I had acquired the little plot we could adapt here and there to suit the case? There should be three reception rooms, six bedrooms (two with dressing-rooms), and the usual offices. Of course I want a very sweet garden, but that hardly concerns you.

Yours truly,
Agatha Torr.

Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.
The Dove Cote, Weybridge.

Dear Mr. Ashlar,—I have just come to this charming spot, where the country seems literally packed with nice people—Lord and Lady Eglinton are my hostess's neighbors on the west, and Sir Morrowby Tew on the east—and I really think I shall buy a little plot here, on a southern slope, among the pine trees. The resin is so helpful to my asthma.

The house where I am staying has very pretty white walls and green slates. It was designed by Mr. Swallow. Don't you think you could give me something similar? Of course I think your system of roofing very delightful, and all that; but Mr. Swallow has certainly made a very attractive little home, and that is just what I want to check this grievous desire of wandering.

Yours truly,
Agatha Torr.

Mr. Ashlar to Mrs. Torr.
(Extract)

. . . Perhaps, if you admire Mr. Swallow's house so much, it would be better if you were to employ him. . . .

Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.
"Ozonia," Bournemouth.

Dear Mr. Ashlar,—How can you so cruelly misunderstand? I would not employ Mr. Swallow for the world. It is you, and you alone, who must design me my little home. Your letter distressed me so much that I left Weybridge at once and am now at Bournemouth. After all, perhaps a cottage by the sea is the true solution. My nerves are always so much better by the sea. My friend, Lady Gorly, has a little house here with a very attractive bay window, with seats in it, and a thatched roof. Please let me have those for certain. I am going at once to make inquiries about a plot.

Yours truly,
Agatha Torr.

Mr. Ashlar to Mrs. Torr.
(Extract)

. . . Only in a very secluded situation would thatch be desirable in any case, and I do not care for it even then. In order to have something to go upon I am preparing plans of what I consider a serviceable cottage of the kind which you asked for in your first letter, and these will reach you in a day or so . . .

Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.
"Ozonia," Bournemouth.

Dear Mr. Ashlar,—Chancing this morning to meet Mr. Terebith the poet, he was terror-stricken to hear that I intended to build. He spoke so feelingly of the horrors of scaffolding and heaps of bricks and mortar and the delights of an old manor house—perhaps even moated!—to which a few alterations could be made, that I drove to the station and bought *Country Life*, and have found in that the very thing I want. I have written about it at once. So do not go on with the plans. I am so much obliged for all your kindness.

Yours very truly,
Agatha Torr.

Mr. Ashlar to Mrs. Torr.

Dear Madam,—I regret to say that your letter came too late to stop the plans, which were posted to you last night. Believe me,

Yours faithfully,
Cyril Ashlar.

Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.
Burke's Private Hotel,
Dorking.

Dear Mr. Ashlar,—The cost of the old house in Kent is so prohibitive that I am resolved to go back to my original idea, especially as a very interesting Irish doctor who is staying here tells me that old houses are always damp.

I like the plans very much, with two or three exceptions. The front elevation seems to me rather bare. What do you say to a turret at one end? I love little rooms in turrets—so medieval and quaint, and I do not quite like the way the kitchen leads out of the hall. Please make these changes. I am inquiring about a plot under Leith Hill, with a wonderful southern view. The sea is so very dreary in the winter.

Yours truly,
Agatha Torr.

Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.
Hans Crescent Hotel, S.W.

Dear Mr. Ashlar,—I have a splendid idea, given me by Mr. Hilary the artist, whom I met at luncheon here yesterday. Not a turret but a loggia. You can put it over the dining-room.

Yours truly,
Agatha Torr.

Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.
Hans Crescent Hotel, S.W.

Dear Mr. Ashlar,—I have now finally decided, on the advice of my brother-in-law, whose judgment is very sound, to pitch my tent near Bath, which he says is both gay and healthy, and surrounded by very attractive country. As this is so far inland you could do away with some of the length and lowness of the cottage, which give it perhaps rather a squalid air. The loggia I fear must also go, as there are few prospects.

Yours truly, Agatha Torr.

Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.
Hotel Grosvenor, S.W.

Dear Mr. Ashlar,—Everything is now altered. Yesterday I received a proposal from Dr. Murgatroyd, and returned an answer in the affirmative; and as Dr. Murgatroyd proposes to travel on the Continent the need for the dear little cottage which we have been discussing in all this very pleasant correspondence has now passed away. You have been

so very kind, and I am indeed sorry for any trouble which my ignorance of such matters as business and architecture may have given you. My wedding is next week.

Yours very truly,
Agatha Torr.

Brian Murgatroyd, M.R.C.S., to
Mr. Ashlar.
Cap Martin.

Dr. Murgatroyd wishes to say that in the whole course of his professional career he has never met with anything so barefaced as Mr. Ashlar's letter to Mrs. Murgatroyd, demanding fees for the designs of a house that has never been built, the very ground for which had not even been bought. It will be time enough for Mr. Ashlar to send in his bill when Dr. and Mrs. Murgatroyd settle down in England and their house is completed.

Punch.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are bringing out a new edition of "Ideals of the East with Special Reference to the Art of Japan" by Kakasu Okakura, an accepted authority on oriental archæology and art.

It is generally agreed in England among those who, from their connection with the trade, are in the best position to know, that 1904 was not a very good book year. There are differences of opinion as to the reason but none as to the fact.

The London Times reports that the record of 1904 as regards the quality and importance of the books published was one of mediocrity. Of all the books entered in its weekly lists and of those reviewed in its columns, numbering altogether about 5,700, there are none of outstanding interest and importance, none which gives distinction to the year, such as Morley's "Gladstone" gave to 1903.

Samuel Johnson's "Prayers and Meditations" have been republished with an introduction by Mr. Augustine Birrell. These were first published during the year following Johnson's death and were re-issued half a dozen times during the first half of the nineteenth century, but only twice since, at Lichfield in 1860, and with Dr. Birkbeck Hill's "Johnsonian Miscellanies" in 1897. This admirable little book, according to Boswell, "evinces beyond all his compositions for the public, and all the eulogies of his friends and admirers, the sincere virtue and piety of Johnson."

T. Y. Crowell & Co. have added Julius Caesar to their First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays. The editorial work, as in the other volumes of the series, is done by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, who edited the "Camberwell Browning." This edition not only appeals to students of Shakespeare by its exact reproduction in volumes of moderate size and cost of the original First Folio text, but the typography and presswork, which are from the De Vinne Press, are of the clearest and daintiest order imaginable. The aids to the study of the play include literary illustrations, a glossary, variorum readings and selected criticisms.

MARSH MISTS.

Gray mists on the marsh to-night
  By the far Ligurian waves,
And the Southern exiles yearn for flight
  Like dead men in their graves.
Through the cane-fringed swamp the ibis moves,
  Wild longing in its veins,
It turns to the sun-scorched land it loves
  And the sand of the desert plains.

The bright flamingoes twine and twist,
  Rose-flushed upon the wind,
They fly like flow'rs, thro' the creeping mist,
  That summer has left behind.
Their wings are urged by a migrant force
  That turns their blood to flame,
With resistless power it shapes their course
  To the strange land whence they came.

Gray mists on the marsh to-night
  By the smooth Ligurian seas,
But the air is astir with the viewless flight
  Of hurrying refugees.
They flutter and fly like shivering ghosts
  From a world that has cast them forth,
Down, down, from the bitter coasts
  Of the lands of the piercing North!

The lapwing flees from the forest snow,
  The tern from the frozen lake,
The gull from the starved and ice-ribbed floe,
  The swan from the stiffened brake.
The redstart comes from the bleak hillside,
  The jay from a pine-clad shore,
The mallard flies from the frost-bound tide,
  And the robin from the moor.

Gray mists on the marsh to-night—
  The iris faded lies,
The maple flames with autumnal light,
  The pungent sea-rush dies.
The wild birds come, the wild birds go,
  On the far Ligurian fen,
But the law that urges them to and fro
  Is hid from the eyes of men.

Mary Bradford Whiting.

The Spectator.

"ANNUS MIRABILIS."

Daylight was down; and up the cool
  Bare heaven the moon, o'er roof and elm,
Daughter of dusk most wonderful,
  Went mounting to her realm:
And night was only half begun,
O'er Edwardes Square in Kensington.

A Sabbath peace possessed her face,
  An even glow her bosom filled;
High in her solitary place
  The huntress' heart was stilled.
With bow and arrows all laid down,
She stood and looked on London Town.

Nay! how could sight of us bring rest
  To that far-travelled heart, and draw
The mirror of her dreaming breast?—
  Thought I, and gazing, saw
Far up above me, high, oh high,
From South to North a heron fly!

Oh, swiftly answered! Yonder flew
  The wings of freedom and of hope:
Little of London Town he knew,
  The round horizon was his scope!
High up he sails and sees beneath
The glimmering ponds of Hampstead Heath,

Hendon; and farther out afield
  Low water-meads lie in his ken,
And lonely pools by Harrow Weald,
  And solitudes unloved of men,
Where he his fisher's spear dips down,
Little he cares for London Town!

So small, with all its miles of sin,
Is London to the grey-blue bird!
A cuckoo cried at Lincoln's Inn
  Last April: somewhere else one heard
The missel-thrush with throat of glee;—
And nightingales at Battersea!

Laurence Housman.

The Spectator.